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REVIEWS

Picture of Dumfries and its Environs; consisting of Eight Views and Vignette, engraved by Gellatly, from Drawings by Masson; with copious Historical and Descriptive Notices, by John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh, J. Gellatly.

DUMFRIES, though the seventh town, we believe, in Scotland in point of population—the fifth in beauty, and the unquestioned capital of the south, has been till now without an historian.

She lay like some unheard-of isle
Besouth Magellan.

We heard of her, indeed, now and then, through the medium of some scribbling tourist, whom black game and black-strap had united to mislead from the beaten path to the highlands, and who returned to write about the sands of Solway, the invention of steam-boats, Paul Jones, the Admirable Crichton, and show the six and thirtieth tooth purloined from the bones of Burns, and give relic hunters a pinch out of an oaken snuff-box made from the poet's fir coffin. It is now otherwise: Dumfries has got an historian of her own fully competent to record her beauty and antiquities, and give us a picture of her people and her manners. Mr. M'Diarmid, were he not widely known as the editor of a very clever paper, the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, might claim a higher distinction from sundry volumes, among which his 'Sketches from Nature' is the most original: he is, besides, a ready-witted, kind-hearted man, and an anxious and clever chronicler of all county matters. He is as much at home, too, among the wild glens and sequestered hills of the county, as he is on the "plain stones" of Dumfries, or at his own fire-side; and a ruined castle or a mouldering abbey are as dear to his heart as even the Reform Bill is, with all its new privileges and immunities. We cannot, however, conceal from our readers, that this same historian is sometimes a mighty gossipier; that almost all things he looks at are, in his sight, of equal importance: a humble basket-maker takes rank with merchants who created shipping and extended commerce; an indifferent rhymist stands side by side with Burns; and the herlings of the river are to him as Leviathans. Besides all this, the current of his history is as sinuous as the course of the Nith itself, which signifies "winding": he is, in short, a thorough will-o'-wisp of a narrator, who dances from place to place, showing here a stagnant pool, there an ivied castle—glimmering for a moment on the waters of the Solway coming six feet deep abreast, and for a minute on a stake net, or on a man fishing shrimps. We have said enough to interest our readers in the author and his work: we have read the letter-press

with great pleasure; nor have we failed to find touches of beauty, and grandeur even, in the barrenest places. The views, too, which accompany the historical part, are clever, and not so incorrect as some views are from higher names than those of Gellatly and Masson.

The vale of Dumfries is of almost unequalled beauty: it is bold and picturesque, yet soft and lovely, and combines all the finer materials of poetic landscape. Let those who wish to view it aright, stand on the summit of Dalswinton hill, and look around. They will see at their feet a valley some twelve or fifteen miles long by five or more broad; a thousand farm-houses and many gentlemen's seats looking out of the woods which skirt the clear and winding Nith; Dumfries, with its three steeples and thick-piled houses in the distance: on the left hand, the hills of Tinwald and Mousewold: on the right, those of Galloway, terminating in Criffel, the most beautiful of all the lowland mountains; with the Frith of Solway rolling between; and beyond its waters the mountains of Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the sinuous coast of Cumberland, studded with its flourishing towns. Such is the bounding line of the land: there is much more, however, to be seen, even in the first hurried glance: the old castles of Amisfield, Tortherald, and Comlogan. On the one side, the Tower of the Isle—the ruined College of Lincluden on the right—while Caerlaverock Castle stands in the centre, the finest of all the old baronial mansions in the island. There are, besides, many fair and interesting matters which must be examined more closely: the castle of The Comyn, whom Bruce slew, which, in our memory, was visible beside Dalswinton house, with burnt wood still adhering to its walls, is now no more; but we believe a curiosity still greater may yet be seen—the whole or part of the first of all steam-boats, a two-keeled one and with paddles—which we saw carrying pleasure parties round the Loch of Dalswinton, in 1789. Let those also possessed with the antiquarian demon, go to the Friar's Carse; the pleasure grounds contain more curious memorials of the olden time, than all the south of Scotland besides; it would be endless to enumerate all the remarkable things. One change, however, deserves mention: so powerful was the family of Nithsdale once in this land, that no less than seventy gentlemen's seats—all Maxwells—might be counted between Cosincon and Caerlaverock; one half the number cannot be reckoned now.

The following is a good description of the Solway; we have often endeavoured to awaken our friends Callcott and Turner to a sense of the scene, which of all others seems most akin to their fancy:—

"During spring tides, and particularly when impelled by a strong south-wester, the Solway

rises with prodigious rapidity. A loud booming noise indicates its approach, and is distinguishable at the distance of several miles. At Caerlaverock and Glencaple, where it enters the Nith, the scene is singularly grand and imposing; and it is beautiful to see a mighty volume of water advancing foam-crested, and with a degree of rapidity which, were the race a long one, would outmatch the speed of the swiftest horses. The tide-head, as it is called, is often from four to six feet high, chafed into spray, with a mighty trough of blue water behind—swelling in some places into little hills, and in others scooped into tiny valleys, which, when sun-lit, form a brilliant picture of themselves. From the tide-head proceed two huge jets of water, which run roaring along searching the banks on either side—the antennæ, as it were, which the ocean puts forth, and by which it feels its way when confined within narrow limits. A large fire-engine discharging a strong stream of water bears a close resemblance to this part of the phenomena of a strong spring tide: but the sea water is broken while the other is smooth, and runs hissing, or rather galloping, along in a manner or fashion to which no language of ours can do justice. Sir Walter Scott must have been familiar with this peculiarity of our river and Frith when he penned the well-known line—

Love flows like the Solway, and ebbs like its tide.

In the novel of Redgauntlet he returns to the subject, and pictures scenes, the reality of which not unfrequently exceed the fictitious description."

The introduction of gas light called forth these poetic observations from two old women on the many inventions of man: we think them excellent:—

"Na, the like o' that!" said Jenny Bryden. —"I wonder what the world 'll come to at last. Gas light they ca't, but elf light wad be a better name. My certy! but there's an unco difference atween a low that needs neither oil, tallow, nor wick, an' a bawbee candle, an auld cruize, or a bit fir stick ta'en oot o' the moss. My mither, honest woman! was weel eneuch pleased wi' sic a taper; and am doubtin' whether she wad hae been unco fond o' reading her Bible at a witch-light. Puir spunkie! am maist wae for him. His bit dancin' light was cheerie as well as cerie when twa war thegither an' no that far frae hame; but he may dounce his glim an' gang his wa's hame when'er he likes, if it be true that the man at the gas-wark can mak' ten thousand spunkies at ae brewin'. A' things hae changed noo."—"Aye," said Betty Cameron, "if it's no enchantment, it's unco like it. In place o' being fashed with weeks and creesh, ye just turn a bit spigot thing, an' oot spoots a light like sour milk oot o' a barrel. Changed times indeed! Atween Liverpool an' Manchester the coaches rin their lane; an' noo we hae a bonny clear light, ta'en like water in pipes under the ground, that'll spole up at any point ye like, if ye only bore a hole no muckle bigger than a preen-head. Weel, weel, I wish them muckle luck o't: but it'll be a while afore the gudeman catches me darin' his stockings wi' a witch-taper at the chumley lug. The brownies langsyne war very helpfu'; but we've nae use

for brownies noo. The Yediter, as they ca' him, says the only salamander kent noo's the spark bred in the blacksmith's throat, and the only brownie a steam-engine, sic as they hae in the infirmary at Liverpool, that pumps water, kirns the kirk, washes claes, minches turnips, champs potatoes, and wad even mak' the bed wi' its iron arms if they wad let it. Everything's dunc wi' machinery that can be dunc, an' a great deal mair than should be dunc—that's what I say."

We read with pleasure what the author, who has the best means of knowing, has related of the fortunes of the family of Burns.

"At the time of her husband's death, Mrs. Burns was left in very narrow circumstances, with a family of four children, the youngest of whom was born the very day his father was buried, and was speedily interred in the same grave. Indeed Mrs. Burns, at this time, had no fixed pecuniary resources beyond an annuity of 10*l.* or 12*l.*, arising from a fund to which her husband had subscribed—a sort of benefit society in connexion with the Excise. But at length even a feeling of shame that the poet had been so much neglected while living, led to a re-action in favour of his family. Their more immediate and pressing wants were speedily provided for by a generous public; and when the late amiable and talented Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, at the request of Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, and others, consented to become the poet's biographer, and published his writings in four octavo volumes, the work of literary philanthropy was consummated, and the independence of the family to some extent assured. Every one knows how well the Doctor executed his task, and the deep impression which his beautiful memoir made on the minds of the universal British people. The work had a very extensive sale, and we believe the available proceeds, under every deduction, amounted to within a trifle of 2000*l.* Part of this sum was spent in educating the children, and fitting two of them out for India; but to this day 1000*l.* remains intact, and is secured over an estate in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright—a rare instance of mortgage arising from posthumous fame and literary exertion, and of itself a circumstance pleasing to contemplate. From this sacred deposit Mrs. Burns for many years received interest at the rate of five per cent.; and payment, we rejoice to say, was continued at the same liberal rate, even after interest had fallen, until her sons were in a situation to place at her disposal resources alike ample and endearing. But even when her income was limited to 62*l.* per annum, the subject of this notice maintained by frugality a decent and respectable station in society, and has all her life been remarkable for prudence and propriety of conduct. And now that her means are sufficient for her wants, and something more, she gives freely from her abundance to her poorer neighbours, subscribing like others to the different public and occasional charities within the locality in which she resides, but acting much oftener as her own almoner. Certain authors, themselves misled by imperfect information, have induced the public to believe that the poet Burns, at the time of his death, was absolutely drowned in debt and difficulties; but than this there never was a greater misstatement. His wife's prudence, and his own lofty unbending spirit, uniformly preserved him from plunging into an abyss which has soured the temper and affected the character of too many literary men. His friendly intimacy with the late Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, is well known; and occasionally he may have made that gentleman his banker to the extent of a few pounds till quarter-day came round: but these loans,—at most few and far between,—were never of any lengthened duration; and the deceased has himself borne public testimony to the obstinacy with which the poet

refused a long letter of credit, and the feverish and almost troublesome anxiety with which he discharged every pecuniary obligation. His salary as an officer of excise never exceeded 70*l.* per annum: on this sum he maintained, clothed, and educated his family; and at the time of his death owed no man a shilling, with the exception of the draper who furnished the material of his regimentals as a private in the Dumfries volunteers."

We must make brief work, we fear, with other matters, such as the trade and business of Dumfries; on this, Mr. McDiarmid is full and satisfactory. The town contains with its suburb, 13,000 souls; there are seven incorporated trades; 5000 tons of shipping carry the annual exports abroad, and 20,000 tons import timber, sugar, coals, &c., to her markets; four hundred dozens of stockings are manufactured weekly; 3500 hides are tanned annually; 300 shoe-makers are daily labouring to supply the demand of feet at home and abroad; 1000*l.* are annually realized by clogs, that is, shoes with wooden soles; an English basket-maker has prospered in the construction of creels and cradles. Of cattle, 20,000 are fed in the county for the English market, worth at a guess, 200,000*l.*; during the season, 8000 stones of pork are sold weekly, averaging 50,000*l.* annually. For much that is curious, and more that is interesting—particularly to all the sons of Dumfriesshire and Galloway—we must refer to the work itself, which we heartily recommend to our readers.

Wandering durch Vaterhaus, Schule, Kriegslager, und Akademie zur Kirche, &c.—i. e. Wanderings through Home, School, the Camp, and the University, into the Church; or, Scenes from the chequered Life of a Protestant Clergyman. Magdeburg.

THE writer of this work happened to live in a period of unusual excitement; and the current of war, which so often alters the course of men's fortunes, carried him forth into the field of carnage and into the loathsome chambers of the lazaretto, ere the dawn had yet grown upon his chin, or either body or mind was well fitted to undergo the trials connected with a military life.

At the first call of the sovereign of Prussia on his people to arm against France, (in the year 1813,) our hero, who had then scarcely completed his fifteenth year, was ready to venture life and limb in his country's cause; but the commands of his father, a clergyman on the confines of Hesse, prevailed on the boy to leave the battle to the strong, and pursue his studies. But when, in the year 1815, Napoleon had returned from Elba, and the torrent of French invasion again threatened to overrun the "German fatherland," the venerable sire blessed the renewed resolution of the son to fight in its defence; and before the king's proclamation had even reached them, he, with the noblest youths of his native city, was on his march to join the Prussian army.

We had heard thus much of the nature of this work, and the report induced us to send for it. We have been, however, disappointed on perusal. The Life of this clergyman does not materially differ from that of hundreds of other young Germans, who about the same time were being educated for the church; and the writer, though an honest

and intelligent man, has not the power to make the most of his materials. We shall therefore confine our translations to an account of the young soldier's first battle: it interested us, and may therefore interest our readers. It was after a fatiguing march, that, on the 16th June, the writer, with his regiment, arrived in sight of the since celebrated village of Ligny, two hours before the commencement of the battle which formed the terrible prelude to that of Waterloo.

"What I am about to notice," he observes, "is what forcibly obtrudes itself on every one engaged in a battle. The corn was waving beautifully before us; but no sooner had one troop passed through, than the glory of the field vanished, and the green stalks lay level on the earth."

"Every man now threw away his superfluous baggage: the finest and the coarsest linen was lying scattered around, intermixed with cards and dice, which the love of pleasure had collected, and which superstitious fear now discarded. Here, friends were imparting to each other their last injunctions; there, cowards drained the bottle for that courage which fails them, or hid their fears under the most disgusting bravadoes. * * *

"On both sides of us regiments of cavalry were passing and charging the enemy: the roar of the artillery was terrible. Here, a powder-wagon blew up—there, a wounded man came galloping with five or six led horses, which were frightfully scattered by a pursuing shot. We already saw many wounded; but the most appalling sight was that of horses torn to pieces by cannon balls, and rolling themselves with agonized strength in their own gore. In the midst of this awful scene we were disgusted by the profane jokes of a private, who kept capering and throwing his arms about in mockery whenever a ball came flying our way. He had even gone so far as to fasten a false beard to his chin; and we were all wishing to see his indecencies put a stop to, when a ball struck him, and carried off both his beard and a portion of his face. Awful as the sight was, it excited a general laugh."

"It was four o'clock when an adjutant informed us that we should soon be engaged. We sang one of Körner's battle hymns, and had scarcely finished it, and formed our lines, when Blücher, with his suite, came up to us. The enthusiasm with which the hoary commander was greeted could not dispel the gloom which hovered on his brow, and which told us all that we had a hot day before us. Now the longed-for moment arrived, when we volunteers were ordered forward. With loud hurrahs we rushed against the village of Ligny, which was then crowded with enemies, but were soon startled at the sight of a ravine which separated us from the place. The major, who was riding behind us, and composedly smoking his pipe, merely said, 'Children, do honour to the regiment!' when we to a man jumped or slid down into the hollow, and climbing up on the opposite side, broke, wherever we could, through the hedges, out of which a discharge of musketry received us. Separated by the plantation with which each house was surrounded, every one had now to fight by his own guidance. The village was intersected by a deep brook, in which, however, there was at the time but little water; and the communication between the two sides was kept up by means of single planks laid across the stream. * * * It was a murderous fight. Shots fell from every aperture of the houses, between and behind which the French kept up a constant firing in columns, while cannon balls were pouring down on us from a neighbouring eminence, and several houses were on fire. This hailstorm of balls, which every moment scat-

tered brick-bats, tiles, and branches of trees about us, startled even the oldest warriors. I fell in, at the gap of a hedge, with four soldiers, none of whom seemed willing to pass first. Their sneers at the 'young Yager' made me take the lead, and I stepped over the corpse of an enemy, whom our shots had just killed. I cast a melancholy look at the pale face of the dead soldier, who was immediately rifled of his watch by the man who followed me.

"We got near a house which was attacked on all sides, and, expelled by fire and smoke, six grenadiers rushed out of it, offering a close front, and presenting their bayonets to us. More than twenty shots were fired, and they sank one after the other to rise no more. I was taking aim, when a fellow-soldier, who was just loading his musket, called my attention to a Frenchman who was quietly kneeling in an open shed strapping his knapsack, as if he was preparing for a parade: 'Take off that one!' said the soldier. 'I will not,' I replied; but at the same moment some shots from another quarter stretched the defenceless man on the ground. * * * The battle continued. Without hope of coming out of it alive, I continued firing and sheltering myself behind trees for about three hours, which passed to me like so many minutes, without my being aware that on both sides of me our troops had been twice driven back by the furious onsets and the superior numbers of the enemy. It might be about seven in the evening, when a comrade called out to me, 'Yager, look to your left!' I quickly turned in that direction, and perceived a party of Frenchmen rushing down towards us; and at the same time I saw our major giving the signal of retreat, which was repeated by the bugle. The narrow bridge over which we had to pass was choked with people, and we stopped for some time exchanging shots with the enemy. At last we were compelled to think of our own safety: one of our officers boldly leaped into the ditch, and was wounded; I followed him, and got safely up the opposite bank, and behind some trees, where I was sheltered. Perhaps I might have got off unhurt; but at this moment a wounded friend called for my assistance, and while I was hastening towards him, three shots were fired at me; the first missed, the second separated both my handlovers across my chest, and the third hit me under the knee and tore the muscle of the leg."

We cannot follow the writer through the melancholy details of his rescue and ultimate cure, nor enumerate the many instances of humanity, as well as of cruelty, he subsequently met with. The spirit in which the volume is written is excellent; but the work is not worth translating. To those, however, who are fond of light reading in German, we can recommend it.

Le Lièvre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. VII. Paris, Ladvocat. London, Dulau & Co.

[Second Notice.]

We give this week a translation of the paper by the captive ex-minister Peyronnet, entitled 'Ham.' In this singular article, his thoughts dive into futurity, and he imagines his grandson, in the year 1900, giving an account to his own children and grandchildren of the castle of Ham, and the captivity of their ancestor.

Ham.

I, secundus
Omnia; et nostri memorem sepulchro
Scalpe querelam.—*Hor.* iii. ode xi.

"Three generations had passed away, since the standard of France floated over the turrets of the Kremlin, and over the Pyramids—that age of military royalty, parliamentary royalty, and

royal democracy, had run its course, and passed the fatal gates which open upon the abyss of eternity, and which time itself passes not twice.

"On the eastern bank of a muddy and rapid stream, at some distance from the sea, and near to a wealthy and populous city, stood a seigneurial, though modest mansion, of graceful and almost modern architecture, sheltered from the west winds by the luxuriant foliage of thickly studded avenues of ancient elm and poplar trees. Two long iron rods, placed according to the principles of Franklin's marvellous science, rose above the roof, and preserved it from lightning. At the extremity of each rod glittered and creaked at the same time a light weathercock of gilt copper. The pediment of the building was adorned with broad escutcheons filled with initials, instead of armorial bearings designating the family to whom this ancient inheritance belonged.

"It was a dwelling of a smiling, and at the same time stern aspect. Its proximity to the river, of whose animated navigation it commanded an uninterrupted view, the fertility of the soil on which it stood, and the luxuriance of the vegetation around it, rendered it a unique spot. It was a perfect solitude, but neither isolated nor dull in monotonous uniformity.

"Numerous inhabitants occupied this mansion; but none were strangers to each other. They consisted of the old Count Richard, (he had no other name in the country,) his children, and his children's children.

"The Count had already reached an advanced age; but his simple and mild manners, the habitual calmness of his mind and temper, and the strength of a naturally healthy constitution, upon which excess had never proved its baneful influence, retarded in him that sad and inevitable debility which, in the midst of life, is the commencement of death.

"Each evening, when the last gleam of daylight had disappeared, the whole family assembled round the Count, in the drawing-room of the mansion. This apartment was large, lined with plain gray wainscot, and a bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling. On one side of a chimney of white marble was an immense arm-chair of green morocco leather; it was old, mutilated, and worm-eaten; but the Count, who always punctually occupied it, held it in great veneration; for it was the chair of his grandfather.

"Opposite to this precious family relic was hung a large picture; the brilliant but incorrect work of a painter who had enjoyed some celebrity. The principal figure was habited in a flowing purple robe with pendant sleeves. Near him, and on a stool of black velvet, was a small chest of chased gold of exquisite workmanship. Nearer still, stood a rich and elegant table, upon which a roll of parchment half unfolded, disclosed the word AMNESTY, coupled with the date of 1825. Below was the sign manual of the then reigning monarch, Charles X., and under it the signature of his keeper of the seals.

"This picture was an object of great veneration to the inhabitants of the mansion. It perpetuated recollections dear to the family; and Count Richard, anxious that the tradition of the events which it recorded should not be lost, often made it the subject of conversation with his grandchildren.

"He was old enough to have witnessed the reverses of fortune which his grandfather had undergone. He was born during the first administration, of which the latter was a member, when all seemed to prosper and succeed with him. He afterwards saw him struggling against parties, then retreating before them, then returning to his high office; always a devoted and self-immolated victim, whenever the extreme of peril threatened the prince and the state.

"Richard's precocious intellect, cultivated with the most assiduous care, was already developed and matured, when a dreadful reverse of fortune justified the forebodings of the faithful minister, by overturning the frail edifice of his fortune, and throwing him, proscribed and a captive, among the fragments of a soiled and broken throne. Richard had penetrated into Vincennes, the Luxembourg, and Ham. He had seen the sufferings of his grandsire, and felt the profound emotion which they inspired. He had played upon the platform of the *danjon*, and had sat upon the knees of his captive ancestor. The conversation, exhortations, and animated countenance of the latter, were deeply impressed on his memory; seventy years, which had elapsed since that period, had not effaced the most minute circumstance.

"He spoke little of himself, would Count Richard say to his assembled children, 'but a great deal of France. He never ceased exhorting us to resignation; he entreated us not to disgrace our misfortune with unworthy lamentations. All his regrets were centered in his benefactors. When their names issued from his lips, his voice would falter, his eyes fill with tears, and his language become more penetrating and more elevated. It was then alone that his heart was accessible to grief. 'Shame! shame, my son! (he would exclaim,) upon those who have forgotten all! Old rights, old titles, and old misfortunes! Deeds of renown, and benefactions of past and present times; all, all have been forgotten! But when Providence gives lessons to man, it always selects virtue to afflict with misfortune!' * * *

"Yes certainly, my grandfather would say, 'the evil was deep, inveterate, perhaps incurable. If ever extreme attempts were legitimate, it was at that period. Only there was still room for delay. Who knows that if the enemy had not been attacked, he would have risked anything, or, risking everything, whether his rashness would not have facilitated his defeat and confusion? But these are now useless mysteries, which the period that could unravel them, is no longer able to disclose.

"Noble race of kings, give not way to despair! Future ages love to recall old things. Let the wind of adversity pass by!"

"It was of the Castle of Ham, that the Count had the most numerous and vivid recollections, because he had seen it at a much later period. He related old stories of this castle, which his young grandchildren often made him repeat.

"Sometimes he described the building. 'It was a fortress,' he would say, 'built by the Constable Saint-Pol, during the last half of the fifteenth century, upon the site of the old castle. It formed a parallelogram, flanked at the angles with round towers, connected by very narrow ramparts. A square tower at the north-west, defended the only entrance; another tower of the same form stood on the opposite or south-east side. Two half moons from west to east, were the only external works. Parallel to the south-east rampart, and at its foot, flowed the canal of the Duke of Angoulême. The river Somme, upon whose banks the town is built, was not far off. In the court-yard were two shabby brick buildings, used as barracks. The state prison was at the extremity of one of these buildings. It was there, my dear children, that, in a small and dismal room, I used to see your great-grandfather, calm, patient, asking for nothing, complaining of no one, and forgetting none of the misfortunes of his country, save those which appertained to himself only: he had graven above his mantel-piece, the simple and mysterious device of Philip the Bold—*Moult me tarde!*

"Under the old monarchy, this castle was long used as a state prison. Louis XVI., who abolished the state prisons, changed its des-

tinuation; but under the republic it was resumed, and again altered by Louis XVIII. When Charles X. descended from the throne, state prisons came once more into use, and the castle of Ham was applied to its former purpose.

"At the extremity of the court grew, in beautiful luxuriance, an immense lime tree. This was the only tree that could be seen by the prisoners, and that only at a distance." Look at that tree," said my grandfather to me one day; "it was planted by a celebrated man, called Bourdon, one of the founders of the French republic, and whom that same republic rewarded by incarceration in this prison. Captive as he was, he still obstinately adhered to his political creed, and planted on that spot a young tree, which, in conformity with the folly of the times, he consecrated to liberty. Nature in its turn, in cruel derision, chose that the tree of liberty, withered and dead everywhere else, should flourish in a prison. It still flourishes, my son; but when will liberty flourish?"

"You will no doubt ask me, (he continued,) what the tree of liberty was. It was a symbol, my son—a powerless and inefficient symbol—which awoke no recollection, excited no emotion, and had in itself nothing to inspire enthusiasm. But that tree could not kill the tree of the cross, which alone is the true symbol of liberty upon earth."

"At other times the old Count repeated to his grandchildren some of the maxims and sayings of their ancestors.

"If any one spoke to my grandfather (would the Count say,) of those who had done him so much injury, he would reply—'We must pity and not hate them. When they were masters, you could perceive my danger, and not theirs. Revolutions are ungrateful masters to those who serve them; they often expect more than can be performed. Think ye that it was in hatred of me that these men assigned to me my present lot? No such thing. They were more occupied with their own safety than with my ruin. They sacrificed me to the errors of others, the effects of which they thought to avert from themselves."

"We must not confound politics with the base passions of ordinary life. He who in the former, thinks he is doing you an injury may do you a service, whilst he who purposes to serve you, may do you an injury. Often when an individual is attacked, he is the last person aimed at. In his person, a number of ideal beings are pursued, themselves comprehending a host of others. In opposing him you contend against a principle, a theory, or a power, of which he is the expression and image. You would love him perhaps, if he was but himself; but in crushing him, you crush that into which he is transformed; his enemies are not his own, but the enemies of those whose friend he is."

"Let your thoughts and feelings soar then above personalities: I have no quarrel with my own; do you have no resentments or regrets. Let all your animosities merge in the love of your country. The future is deep and impenetrable, it will perhaps be as favourable to you as the present is fatal to me; and should you ever obtain power, remember my sufferings, only to avoid making others endure them. To avenge me would be a treachery to myself."

"Revenge is often an injustice, but oftener still a fault; for one enemy of whom you rid yourself, how many new ones do you raise up against you! If it be true that generosity does not disarm hatred, rigour irritates and revolts, and such irritation is contagious."

"It is only because we are weak that we revenge ourselves; it is only when our heart is arid and our intellect contracted, that we do not pardon. Nations have an admirable instinct in detecting those weaknesses; the voice that first pronounced that dead men tell no tales, propagated a cruel error. The most dangerous

enemies a man can have, are those whom he has deprived of life."

"One day, a plan of escape was proposed to him: 'I might accept your offer,' said he, 'if my sentence were just and legal; but as it is, I am well pleased with it, and would deprive it of none of its effects. Who cares about the iniquity of a sentence, when its execution is eluded? Were I to accede to your wishes, I should destroy its wickedness by my own fault; I should almost efface its injustice by putting an end to its operation. I must remain here, to bear daily testimony of its violence; it is right that my sufferings should be prolonged, that they may imprint upon my existence a deep and lasting memory. It is for them upon whom its responsibility weighs to get rid of me if they can. I shall certainly not save them the trouble."

"Besides, my children, reflect a moment. Plans of this description are not executed without exposing to some risk those who favour them. God forbid that I should ever expose any one to the least danger! The few years I have to live are not worth such a price."

"The greatest philosopher of antiquity refused to escape, even from death. So noble a determination would, at present, perhaps, elicit surprise. True, it is scarcely comprehensible; and who would even imagine that it could be imitated in these days? But, without aspiring to such an act of heroism, which I least of any have the pretension of doing, I may nevertheless take from this example, that which is suited to an humble life and an ordinary courage."

"Sometimes Count Richard would relate facts connected with the history of the castle, such as his grandfather was wont to entertain him with."

"Ham," said he at another time, "was one of the places on the banks of the Somme, engaged by the treaty of Arras, to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and which that prince, equitable as he is represented, had no wish to restore, although he was repaid the four hundred thousand crowns of gold which he had advanced. This became a great subject of dissension and ill-will between him and the artful Louis XI. What a king was this Louis XI. What a strange and indescribable compound of contradiction was this monarch! He was lauded, censured, dreaded, and despised, all at the same time. He threw off, after the manner of the times, the yoke which the nobles tried to fix upon his neck; he made use of the people without subjecting himself to them, and of religion, without its preventing the commission of a single crime. He was a politician, though superstitious; or rather he was superstitious because he was a politician. It was said of him that he wanted courage; but it was forgotten with what bravery he had fought before Liège, and at Monthermé. He bears the odium of the snares into which he drew Charles the Bold, without placing in the opposite scale the criminal league against him, or the poisoner Hardy sent by his vassal of Burgundy to destroy him. On the suspicious evidence of Brantôme, the death of his brother is rashly imputed to him, although the latter died seven months after the supposed period of his being poisoned; and made a will a few days before his death, appointing Louis XI., then absent, his heir. Louis was parsimonious, cruel, implacable; but he once repented not having pardoned. He was an unnatural son, and a bad father. He took vengeance, by the death of Agnes, of the influence won by her beauty, and punished by an atrocious death the doubtful crime of Nemours. He was a king according to the spirit of his people and of the age in which he lived; displaying still more ability in adverse fortune than in prosperity. If he laid many snares for others, many were also laid for him. He never made a mistake but at Peronne; he put an end to the invasions

of the English, acquired Provence, recovered Burgundy, obtained by inheritance Anjou and Maine, brought under his controul Guienne and Normandy, and prepared the union of Brittany with France, which was effected by his successors. In fine, he was great by the great things he effected—but despicable from the culpable means he employed."

"To these my grandfather added other details. 'Vade,' said he, 'was born at Ham. He was a free and easy writer of songs, at a period when songs were only gay and pretty. Beranger had not yet made them serious and beautiful.'

"But Ham has still a higher claim to celebrity, for it is the birth-place also of General Foy. I knew him well; I have oftentimes seen him, and had long conversations with him, far from the tumult of popular assemblies. I know not, if he were now in being, whether he would do me the same justice as he did then; but for my part, I shall ever render him the tribute due to his high character. He was a man of talent and sincerity, who followed only from afar those who influenced his opinions. He was perhaps the only one among the many orators of the same party, who was not below the reputation he had acquired."

"An Earl of Oxford, a brave and loyal servant of the house of Lancaster, was eleven years a prisoner in the castle of Ham. He escaped at last, accompanied by the governor, Sir Walter Blount, whom he had succeeded in seducing. This was the same Earl of Oxford who fought so valiantly for Henry and Margaret at the terrible battle of Barnet, and who would have won the day, had it not been lost by a fatal mistake of the Earl of Warwick. But the fortress in which he so cruelly expiated his fidelity, was not, as is supposed, the Castle of Ham situated on the banks of the Somme. The historian is wrong; it was another castle of the same name."

"There exists a tradition in the country, that an unfortunate capuchin friar, whose crime has always remained unknown, lived many years in a narrow dungeon in the tower, and died there with a great reputation for sanctity. The faithful long went to pray by the side of the stone which served for his pillow; and female votaries touched it with their garments. This was a simple and affecting devotion, paid to misfortune: and a marvellous virtue was attributed to it, and not without reason."

"Another tradition is prevalent, of more recent date and less uncertain in its details. A young man of the name of Lautrec, handsome, ardent, and formed for extremes—qualified for excess of virtue or excess of vice—had met with a young girl graceful and handsome as himself, but chaste, pious, full of candour and modesty. Lautrec loved her with the whole ardour of his soul—with furious and extravagant passion. The young girl was also surprised by love: but her love, though strong, was pure and innocent."

"Her condition was obscure, and she had no fortune to make up for it. He for a time imagined that her love for him would overcome her virtue. He was mistaken. The poor girl, surprised and humiliated at his offers, found an inexhaustible resource in her purity. She would have ceased to love him, had her will alone sufficed."

"Lautrec had no hope of overcoming the pride of his father, and therefore did not attempt it. The useless passion which consumed him, became a deep-seated and obstinate disease. The hue of health fled from his cheeks, his features became thin and sharp, and his eyes lost their brilliancy. He lived apart, gloomy, morose, and taciturn. He scarcely heard those who addressed him, and replied only with moans."

"Lautrec had an uncle, still young, who had arrived at the highest dignities in the church,

and had always evinced great affection for him. This uncle remarked the change in his person and character, and put many pressing questions to him. The young man eluded and dissembled; but the uncle, in nowise discouraged, continued his importunities. Lautrec, yielding at length, allowed his secret to escape.

"The morals of this period were not of the purest kind; and it was not usual to treat love so seriously. The uncle undertook to plead for his nephew. He saw the young girl, and exhausted every artifice, every means to shake her resolution. Sometimes he besought her, for Lautrec's sake, to renounce her love for him, in order that the object of her affection might be freed from an engagement which was fast destroying him. At others, he offered, if love were not sufficient, to add immense wealth, as an indemnity for the sacrifice he solicited for his nephew. Another time, seeing that her affection was so deeply rooted, that she had not the courage to sacrifice it, he offered her advice of another kind; giving her to understand, that any hope of a legal union being impossible, she had no remedy but to yield, if she could not conquer her passion.

"But the virtue of the young girl was not less strong than her affection. The inflexible simplicity of her youthful mind defeated every attempt to undermine her principles. The heart of the uncle was shaken in its turn, and a perverse, dreadful, and fatal idea took possession of his mind. He had attempted to seduce, but was himself seduced. So much beauty had overcome him—such extraordinary virtue had excited in him the most uncontrollable passion. The unhappy man felt the power of love, and dared to disclose it. A cry of horror and alarm was the only answer he received from the young girl;—and he fled in confusion.

"At the same instant Lautrec arrived. The object of his love shed abundant tears, and gave marks of the most violent despair. The young man, in affright and trepidation, asked the cause of such agitation. He would know it, and that immediately, without reserve or concealment. At the same time suppliant and imperious, he besought and insisted—wept and commanded. What, under such circumstances, could the poor girl do? Overcome by her own emotion and Lautrec's impetuosity—unable, in her astonishment and indignation, to calculate or foresee the consequences, she suffered some imprudent words to escape her lips, and Lautrec either learned or guessed the treachery of his uncle.

"Thunderstruck, his mind became troubled and his reason fled. He ran and seized his arms, followed his uncle, found him at the altar, covered with the emblems of his priestly dignity, struck him to the earth, and left him wallowing in his blood.

"A dungeon in the Castle of Ham was long the refuge allotted him for his crime and madness. He had been there forty years, when the revolution of 1789 broke out; he was then set at liberty: but forgotten, reputed dead, and disowned by his family, he no longer found food or shelter. The town of Ham took pity upon him, and paid a poor woman to take care of him, and procure him food. He survived his freedom but three months. Perhaps he might have lived longer, if liberty, so long a stranger to him, had not too suddenly broken in upon the habits of life acquired in his dungeon.

"But if the revolution deprived the Castle of Ham of some of its inmates, it soon supplied their places with other victims. The time came when the Convention, trying its harsh and monstrous justice upon its own members, got rid in one day of Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collet-d'Herbois, by transportation; and of Bourdon, Hugues, Châles, Fausse-doise, Duham, and Chiodieu, by consigning them to the Castle of Ham."

"Soon," continued Count Richard, "this castle received inmates of another character and another rank: certain emigrants driven back to the coast of France by a storm—a Vibrage, a Choiseul, and a Montmorency, victims before ourselves of civil discord—and who were about to suffer death for the crime of being shipwrecked, the commutation of which punishment only changed the species of iniquity committed by the government, which had dared to order its infliction.

"Almost at the same period came that other victim, the same Prince Polignac, whom fate has again brought hither; an unhappy prince, whom an inexorable fatality seems to pursue. He was then implicated in the catastrophe of Moreau, Pichegru, and George Cadoudal; he has since been implicated in still greater misfortunes. He began life with a long captivity, and has again become a captive in his declining years."

"The old Count's memory was inexhaustible. The recollections of Ham pleased him. There was one point, however, upon which no one presumed to ask him any questions. He had often begun the recital of the actions of his unfortunate grandfather, and each time he had undertaken it, his emotion had prevented him from proceeding. An agitation of this kind was now considered too dangerous for his advanced age. But one day, the youngest of his grandchildren having innocently exclaimed, 'But grandpapa, the history of our great-great-grandfather.'—'Ah! true, I will tell it to you. But what need is there of many words? This history is written, dear child. I composed and wrote it. It is engraved upon the stone which covers the remains of that man so madly cursed and persecuted. You must visit his old and modest tombstone. It is a pious pilgrimage, which children ought to undertake, and which brings them good fortune. Kneel and meditate when you are near it. Do as I have so often done: pull the moss from the stone; and if impious hands have not perpetrated upon it such mutilations as I have seen elsewhere, you will find what you seek—you will read this short epitaph, which contains the whole history of the chief of your family:

"PROSCRIBED
BECAUSE HE WAS FAITHFUL,
AND CONDEMNED
AS IF HE HAD NOT BEEN SO."

Pensamenti d'Illustri Autori, &c., esposti da Stefano Egidio Petroni. London: Treuttel & Co.

Nothing is farther from our intention than the writing a formal review of this excellent little work; when we have said that the selections are made with great taste and judgment, and that the volume is precisely of that kind which we most gladly see placed in the hands of youth, we mean to dismiss it altogether, and turn our attention to a subject which the historical portion of the work has suggested—we mean, the value of history as a guide to conduct.

Treatises on the nature of history we have in abundance; general accounts of its great use and importance are "more plenty than blackberries"; but if we except an introductory chapter in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' we can scarcely find any attempt to fix the canons of historical argument, and determine under what limits recorded examples are to be received as valid authorities. We assuredly do not profess to supply this deficiency, and make this article a new chapter in logic: it will be sufficient for us to note a few prevailing errors, and point

out some of the absurdities into which statesmen and politicians of every party have fallen, through ignorance or neglect of the rules that regulate reasoning by example. There is, perhaps, no phrase more common, and more misunderstood, than that which we alternately hear pronounced with reverence and with mockery—"the wisdom of our ancestors." One party imagines that the use of the phrase includes the inference, that our ancestors were wiser than we are; and the other party, instead of showing that the five words include no such thing, gravely denounces the sentence as a mischievous sophism, and honours it with a logical refutation. The apparent ingenuity of the refutation deserves to be noticed. "The wisdom of our ancestors," saith a grave reviewer, "is a mischievous sophism: when you have said that age confers the wisdom of experience you have explained it: we are an older generation than those that have preceded us; and to speak of the wisdom of past generations, is to attribute to youth the experience of age, and confer the honour of grey hairs on the cradle." Now, this is doubtless very clever reasoning, but, unfortunately, it is completely misapplied: by the wisdom of our ancestors, is not meant, as the reviewer supposes, any attribution of authority to our ancestors, but a sanction to certain institutions derived from them. The phrase is, indeed, inaccurate, but still perfectly intelligible: wisdom is attributed to those who devised certain institutions, because the experience of all succeeding generations has shown those institutions to be beneficial; and thence an implied sanction is derived for such laws or customs, not because they were originally devised by a past generation, but because they have continued to exist through several generations.

A second objection made to this unfortunate phrase, leads us to the source of all the erroneous applications of historical authority, which we have witnessed in our brief experience,—namely, the neglect of the modifying circumstances which limited the utility of an institution to some particular time or place. "Laws against witchcraft, writs de heretico comburendo, &c., formed part of the wisdom of our ancestors," say certain critics. Well, so they were; and so they ought to have been. The opinions prevalent in society are an integral portion of that society's constitution, and must as such meet the attention of the legislator. If the belief in witchcraft were as general now as it was then, those laws ought to be revived, and put into active operation. They were wise laws so long as they remained in accordance with the habits, the feelings, and the belief of the age; but when these changed, the preservation of such laws would have been monstrous folly.

That an institution might be a blessing in one generation, and a curse in the next, is a matter that seems to escape the notice of many readers, and even many writers of history. The papal usurpation of Hildebrand, or Gregory VII. has been almost universally reprobated by historians; and yet it is perfectly demonstrable, that his extravagant assumption of authority was, for a time, productive of very great and important benefits. The sanctity of the gown was then the only protection from the tyranny of the sword. Religion was the only antagonizing force to

feudal despotism; and it was necessary to make the church a substantive independent power, in order that it should compete with the violence and cruelty of conquerors, who estimated victories proportionate to the numbers slain, rather than advantages won; and measured the value of conquests more by the diffusion of misery than the extension of territory. Hildebrand deserves, in some degree, the gratitude of posterity, since he first set the example of organizing resistance to despotism; and though he made no effort to establish liberty, he at least raised a power, under whose protection some free principles could germinate in safety. The changes of realm and the chances of time, led to a period when the power of the church became an engine of oppression: indeed, it was necessarily so, whenever it leagued with the state; but this change of circumstances is forgotten by orators and writers: they look to the evils that arose when ecclesiastical domination was united with regal despotism, but forget that it must have greatly tended to alleviate civil thralldom when it stood in a contrary position.

Perhaps the most ludicrous exemplification of this tendency to search for abstract principles in history, with a complete disregard of the modifying circumstances, is to be found in the disputes respecting the early constitution of England. As a practical guide to the politician, it is not worth a single straw to determine whether the Saxon monarchy was as despotic as that of Russia, or as republican as that of France—whether the Wittenagemot was an annual parliament or a privy council. The explanation of the difficulty would not confer an additional right on prince or people; for constitutions are not to be framed for non-existent customs, departed feelings, forgotten habits, and modes of faith and practice that have long since sunk into oblivion, but must be suited to the circumstances of the period in which they are adopted.

How often have we heard some such conversation as the following: "Avoid such a change, it leads to revolution."—"That is the very reason I will support it." But, in fact, the reasons assigned by both amount precisely to—nothing. A word of four syllables sounds very well, and rolls glibly off the tongue; but it must not be mistaken for an argument. A revolution may be a great or a small change—may be a blessing or a curse—may lead to happiness or misery—or may eventually leave matters pretty nearly as it found them. Of every species of these revolutions we have examples in history; and to quote one of them *per se* as a parallel, without proving that all circumstances are precisely similar, is an act either of folly or knavery. Magna Charta was a revolution—the Bill of Rights a revolution—Christianity itself a great revolution;—and to assert that there should be no more revolutions, is to declare that the only duty of a legislature is to register absurdities and consecrate abuses. Just as absurd is the contrary argument, that benefits must result from every revolution: we have witnessed one where the price paid for the benefit was a disproportionate mass of misery and suffering.

We have met, in speeches and pamphlets published during the last two centuries, such gross perversions of historical autho-

rities, that we hold it our duty to call public attention to the subject. History, studied closely and diligently, with a careful examination of all contingent circumstances, is truly a valuable practical guide; but read lightly and carelessly, examined only to furnish matter for turning a sentence or rounding a period, it is worse "than an old almanac," and is more likely to mislead than to instruct. To it the hackneyed quotation of Pope is most perfectly applicable—

There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers it again.

Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India; comprising a full and exact account of their various Rites and Ceremonies, from the moment of birth till the hour of death. By Jaffur Shurreef. Translated by G. A. Herklots, M.D. London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

We have only had time to dip into this volume, but it seems one of the highest interest, though it may not be equally entertaining. It is a translation by Dr. Herklots, from a work written at his request by a Mohammudan native of India, descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen. The plan followed by the writer is to trace an individual from the period of his birth, (and even before it,) through all the forms and ceremonies which religion, superstition, and custom, impose upon him—but the writer's intention will be best collected from his preface, which is so truly original and characteristic, that we have determined to extract it entire, although we have not time to offer any opinion on the work itself.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Lord, Prosper { In the name of God, } and finish this
Work with { the Merciful and } thy blessing!
Compassionate!

"Glory be to that God who has, out of a drop of fluid, created such a variety of creatures, rational and irrational! Adored be that Creator, who has established such a variety of forms, statures, and vocal sounds among them, though their origin is the same pure, liquid, and genuine spirit!

"In Praise of the Prophet (i. e. Mohummud).

"A thousand thousand salutations and benedictions are due to his sublime holiness Mohummud Moostufa† (the blessing and peace of God be with him!) through whose grace the sacred *Qoran* descended from the Most High! How inadequate is man justly to praise and eulogize him! Salutation and blessing, also, to his companions and posterity!

"My object in composing the present work is this: I, Jaffur Shurreef, alias Lala Meean, son of Alee Shurreef (who has received mercy), of the Qoreish tribe, born at Nagore (may God illuminate his tomb, pardon his iniquities, and sanctify his soul!) a native of Goppoo Elloor (Elloor), have for a considerable time been in attendance upon English gentlemen of high rank and noble mind (may their good fortune ever continue!), and under the shadow of their wings have nourished both soul and body; or, in other words, my office has been that of a teacher of language.

"Gentlemen of penetration used often to observe to me with the deepest interest, that if a concise work were written in a familiar style, and in the genuine Dukhume language, containing a full account of all the necessary rites, customs, and usages observed by Moosulmans,

† "Moostufa, i. e. 'the chosen.'"

"The late; or, as we should say, 'who is now in heaven.'"

Europeans would not only read it with pleasure, but would derive much useful information from its perusal. However; hitherto, owing to want of leisure, this humble individual† has not been able to undertake anything of the kind. But, in the present instance, at the earnest request of (a possessor of favour and kindness, a man of great learning and magnanimity, a mine of humanity, a fountain of generosity, a just appreciator of the worth of both high and low, well versed in the mysteries of philosophy, a Plato of the age, in medicine a second Galen, nay, the Hippocrates of the day), Dr. Herklots (a man of virtue, an ocean of liberality, may his good fortune ever continue and his age increase!); I have endeavoured, to the extent of my poor abilities, to arrange this work under different heads, and entitled it 'QANOON-E-ISLAM, § i. e. The Customs of the Moosulmans.'

"Although various Hindoostanee authors have occasionally adverted to similar subjects, yet no work extant contains so full an account of them as has been given here.

"I have also included in it, local customs which have been superadded to the laws prescribed by the sacred *Qoran* and *Huddees* observed by Moosulmans, in order that the liberal minded Englishman should not continue ignorant of, or remain in the dark as to any rite or ceremony observed by Moosulmans.

"Although the author (who deems himself no wiser than a teacher of the A B C) is somewhat acquainted with the science of divinity (i. e. the knowledge of the interpretation of the *Qoran* and the *Huddees*, precepts of Mohummud), as well as with law and medicine, he has confined himself merely to a narration of the established and indispensable customs commonly observed by Moosulmans in the Dukhun, and to an idiom of language calculated to be understood by even the most illiterate.

"Of him who can judge of the state of the pulse of the pen (i. e. estimate the beauty of composition), and is likewise erudite, I have this request to make, that should he observe any errors in it, he would kindly consign them to oblivion, by erasing them with his quill.

"This work was completed Anno Hijre 1248, corresponding with Anno Domini 1832."

Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh. By Sir Roger Greisley, Bart. London: Longman & Co.

THERE lived at Rome, in other days, a race of priests who asserted a right to make or unmake kings—take or give away countries—doom to perdition those they hated, and raise to heaven those they loved—who gave indulgence for sin, and remission for transgression—placed a bar on the way to heaven, and exacted a heavy toll from all travellers—and who, while they claimed infallibility to themselves, made fallibility the portion of the rest of mankind. Of those audacious men the most remarkable was Hildebrand, who, from the obscure condition of monk, rose gradually to the Papal Throne, and for eleven years and more made himself

† Literally 'this know-nothing:' one of the many expressions of humility which Oriental writers are accustomed to use in speaking of themselves; such as 'this sinner,' 'this beggar,' 'this slave.'

‡ At the very earnest solicitation of the author, the translator has been prevailed upon (very much against his own inclination) to allow the above hyperbolic eulogiums to remain, though conscious of his being little entitled to them. He has been induced to accede to the author's wish, more particularly to show the remarkable proneness of this class of people to flattery. In their epistolary correspondence, as well as their intercourse with each other, they are equally lavish of praise. A somewhat similar specimen will likewise be found at the conclusion of the work.

§ More strictly 'rules (canons) of the Mohammudan religion.'

the terror of the nations of Europe. To the delineation of his character Sir Roger Greisley has dedicated this volume; from the scattered notices of friends and foes—letters of remonstrance or insult to princes—decrees regarding salvation and obedience—bulls, which settled alike all questions, religious, political, or domestic—excommunications of all natures and ordinances of all hues, the author has extracted a biography which throws some little light upon the darkness of the eleventh century. He has, however, brought more knowledge than moderation to the task: he delights more in showing the deformities than the merits of his subject, and seems much too willing to attribute all the proceedings of his victim to a love of power alone, and a natural desire to domineer. We have no doubt that many of those acts arose from a real belief in the right of the church, and from a wish to do good to the souls of men: be that as it may, our biographer has composed his work in something of a new spirit: he desires to expose rather than honour the character which he draws: he sets up an image, not for us to admire, but to join him in throwing stones at. We scarcely know what the writer can mean in thus making the object of his solicitude

A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

It is true that in former times the head of the Romish Church resembled a wild beast strong and ravenous, with sharp teeth and claws cruel and clutching, and a capacity of swallow vast and portentous: but now, in these our days, he is harmless enough: he is oppressed with age, his claws are cut never to grow again, his teeth are all plucked out, save a stump or two; the merest children may now approach him as they would do the stuffed skin of a tiger—nay, admire his fine colours, stroke his velvet paws, and pat his grisly nose in perfect security. It has been the pleasure of the author to write his book in his own manner, and we must take it as it is. On this point he may as well speak for himself:—

"Let me invite the Catholic and Protestant reader to peruse these pages, and see, in the eleventh century, the establishment of those doctrines of the Roman church by which it has ever since, up to this period, been distinguished; and which, till then, were, for many ages, in a wavering and unsettled state. A simple monk, emerging from his cloister, and assuming the direction of the public affairs of the Roman Catholic church, surmounted every obstacle, and opened a way to his successors by which they might place themselves in the sphere of angels and of gods. It was Gregory who taught the Leos, and Sixtuses, and Piuses how to govern people without the force of arms; a lesson hitherto neither forgotten nor abandoned. A sound but subtle policy, inflexible constancy, unshaken courage, placed the popes upon that throne, from which they have never, but for a feverish moment, been deposed. Since their restoration, the blind and idle credulity of the people, which served them as a footstool, has increased; and had the French nation yielded to that yoke which the Jesuits would have imposed on it, the days of excommunication and dethronements would have been revived."

Hildebrand was born about the year 1020, in Soana: his father was a citizen of good character: his uncle was Abbot in the monastery of St. Mark; there is some foundation for the sounding language of his epitaph,

that he was "nobly educated." He was early distinguished for his learning, his inflexibility of purpose, and tameless intrepidity of spirit: in those fluctuating times, when empires shifted to and fro like shadows on the water, the monk Hildebrand was ever the foremost to support the church against all conquerors, and, like the saint under whose banner he warred, he was as ready with the sword as the tongue. He seems to have been one of the first to perceive that the power of the Pope might be extended over the bodies as well as minds of men by a judicious use of the name of St. Peter, and a liberal interpretation of those mysterious words in Scripture about carrying the key. The first step towards this was the release which Rome gave the monkish institutions from the control of their bishops: the second was the claim set up, and allowed, for the Pope's supremacy over all the princes and priests of Christendom: the third was the substitution of tradition for Scripture; and the fourth was auricular confession. The high deservings on the part of Hildebrand were at length rewarded by the papal chair.

As soon as he was, in the usual way, acknowledged by the kings of the earth, he began to display his ambition, and put forth his power. He claimed the kingdom of Spain because it was of old "the right of St. Peter," and, though he did not desire to reign there, he demanded his "just tribute": he desired to place himself at the head of the Christian army—march to Constantinople—reduce the Armenian dissenters by the sword—unite the churches of the east and west—and, having fixed the banner of the true religion on the walls of Jerusalem, return and reign in Rome. He spoke kindly and mildly to William the Conqueror of England, because that sagacious king paid all the dues of the church: he reproached, in fierce language, the King of France for adultery, rapine, perjury, and fraud, and more particularly for having robbed some Italian merchants on their way to a French fair: he interfered in the affairs of Muscovy—disputed the powers of the King of Arragon within his own kingdom—and, finally, he wrote to the King of Denmark to place the church in that country, and all that it contained, under the care of the see of Rome.

The ambition of Gregory alarmed the Emperor, Henry the Fourth—a prince, brave and pusillanimous by turns: he was affronted by the pontiff's interference with the religious affairs of his kingdom: enraged, some say, at the dalliance between his Holiness and Matilda; and having a sharp sword, and not a very clear understanding, he rushed headlong into every scheme which presented itself to his fancy. His wrath boiled over in words at first:—

"Henry, not by usurpation, but by Divine dispensation, king, to Hildebrand, not an apostolic, but a false monk. Having, even in spite of my subjects, conducted myself as a most obedient son, whilst I expected to receive from you the treatment becoming a father, I have received only such as might have proceeded from the implacable enemy of my life and kingdom. You have taken from me that hereditary dignity of emperor which was due to me from the apostolic see; by the most villainous acts, you have attempted to alienate from me the kingdom of Italy; you have proudly, and in the face of every law, human and divine, heaped insults and injuries upon the most reverend bishops, who are united to me as members to the body: and although I have borne all these affronts with un-

speaking patience, attributing my conduct to tameness and indifference, you have raised yourself up against me, and given me to understand that it is necessary either that you should die, or that I should lose my life and kingdom. Wherefore, thinking it more fitting to reply by deeds rather than words to such an unheard-of act of contumacy, those matters have been published in a general assembly of the great lords of my kingdom, which, out of respect, have hitherto been suppressed; and it is plainly demonstrated that you can no longer maintain yourself by any means in the chair of St. Peter. It being, therefore, my bounden duty to adhere to this decision, I take from you all right to the papacy, and I command you to depart from that city, the patricianship of which has been granted to me both by God and by the Romans."

Gregory far excelled Henry in such fulminations: he replied by the following sentence of excommunication:—

"St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, lend us your ears, and listen to your servant whom you have cherished from his infancy, and delivered out of the hands of those who have a common enmity to him and you. And you, mother of God! St. Paul, and all the saints, bear witness, how the holy Roman church raised me by force, and against my will, to the government; although I should have preferred rather to pass my days in a continual pilgrimage than to ascend thy pulpit for any human motive. Inasmuch as I think that it will be grateful to you that the Christian people trusted to my care should obey me; supported by these hopes, and for the honour and the defence of the church, in the name of the omnipotent God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by my authority and power, I prohibit King Henry, son of the Emperor Henry, who, with unheard-of pride, has raised himself up against your church, from governing the kingdoms of Germany and Italy. I absolve all Christians from the oath which they have taken to him; and I forbid all men to yield him that service which is due to a king. Finally, since he has not chosen to obey as becomes a Christian; has communicated with persons excluded from the communion of the faithful; has despised the warnings which I had given him for the good of his own soul; and has separated himself from the church, whilst he endeavoured to exterminate her authority; I, in thy name, bind him with the bonds of anathema, that all people may know that thou art Peter, and that upon thee the Son of God hath built his church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail."

The effect of these words would be laughter in our day: it was otherwise then;—Henry was left without a home or a subject: he humbled himself—came barefoot to Rome when snow was on the ground to make his submission: the pontiff, who was in his palace with Matilda, went to receive him:—

"Henry presented himself at the first gate of the fortress, and there, in the most abject submission, awaited to see what would be required of him. He was made to enter alone, having left all his suite outside the first of the three walls which girt the fortress; and at the second barrier he laid aside all the insignia of his dignity, and put on a simple woollen tunic. Here he stood barefooted, in the depth of winter, without food, from morning until night, for three whole days, imploring with loud lamentations the mercy of God and of the pope. On the fourth day, being admitted into the presence of the pontiff, after much controversy, he was absolved from the excommunication on the following terms:—that he should appear, at any given time and place which Gregory should appoint, before a general council of the German princes, to answer to their charges, in presence of the pope himself, if the latter should deem it

expedient; that he should abide by the sentence of the pope, who was to be the sole judge of the cause; that if it acquitted him he should retain his kingdom, or, if he were condemned, he should resign it cheerfully; that, whether he lost it or retained it, he should seek revenge on no one; that, until his cause was legally tried and decided, he should wear no royal ornament or insignia, nor make any decree in the administration of public affairs; that, beyond the necessary service of himself and his court, he should assume nothing royal or by public right; that all those who had taken the oath of allegiance to him were released in the sight of God and man; that Robert, Bishop of Bamberg, Ulderic of Constance, and others, his counsellors, should be removed from him for ever; and that, if ultimately being acquitted, he should again be powerful in his kingdom, he should be obedient and subject to the Roman pontiff, and co-operate with him manfully and promptly for the good of the church; and, finally, that if he violated any one of the conditions, the absolution should be invalid, he should be immediately deposed, and a new monarch elected in his stead."

A quarrel followed this degradation: Henry with a tumultuary army ravaged the Papal territories, and approached Rome: Gregory never wanted ready weapons: he sent for Robert Guiscard—a name distinguished in the Crusades: the Norman warrior chased away Henry—brought Rome to its senses, which had wavered between Pope and Emperor, and restored Gregory to his uncontrolled dominion over the souls and bodies of men. The Pope did not long survive this adventure: he fell sick, and died on the 25th of May, 1085. We may conclude with the following character of the pontiff by the author:—

"Gregory VII. was of small stature, but gigantic mind, lively imagination, intrepid courage, and of perseverance utterly incapable of yielding to any difficulties which he might encounter in his enterprises. Of an imperious disposition, quick, decisive, rash, resolute, and regardless of results, he set the first example of doing that which he desired others to do. He was especially learned in the divine sciences, in the rights, laws, and customs of the Roman Catholic church. In short, his impetuous and inflexible humour did not allow his zeal to be accompanied by the moderation which his predecessors had displayed. If he had possessed this moderation, much blood would have been spared; for the quarrel between the Holy See and the empire divided Europe into two factions, whose bitterness and animosity knew no bounds, and led to that temporal dominion of the popes, which has cost as much blood as the conquests of republican Rome."

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. XXXIII.
Sophocles. Translated by T. Franklin, D.D.
London: Valpy.

WE have had many opportunities recently afforded us of directing the attention of our readers to the Greek dramatists, and especially to *Æschylus*, the father of tragic poetry. We have now before us the works of his rival and successor, a dramatist, who commenced his career by a triumph over his master, and closed it by a victory over Euripides, the only competitor that ever dared to measure strength with him. *Sophocles* bears the impress of the age in which he lived, not stamped indeed so deeply and strongly as on *Æschylus*, because, in the course of a generation, the political character of Greece had assumed a milder form and a softer type. The exaggerations of the Persian

war,—its moving millions—its slaughtered myriads—streams drank dry by living armies—rivers bridged by the slain—seas gay in the morning with the streamers and sails of countless fleets, and darkened in the evening by their unsightly wrecks: these stupendous vicissitudes that surrounded *Æschylus*, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral sublimity, had, in the days of *Sophocles*, become a mere recollection—"a tale of the days gone by." Danger gave way to glory, excitement was changed for tranquillity, and deliberations in the public assemblies absorbed the interest lately accorded to struggles in the field. At such a period, the majesty of repose which peculiarly distinguishes the genius of *Sophocles* had more attractions, even for the excitable population of Athens, than the terrific grandeur that could scarcely be contemplated without pain. There are moods in the mind, both of nations and individuals, when the tranquil rivulet is more pleasing than the foaming cataract, and a serene landscape preferable to the sublimity of the storm. To this change in the national temperament, and not to his own superiority, must the victory of *Sophocles* over *Æschylus* be ascribed: in power, the disciple was inferior to his master; but he surpassed him in the art of pleasing, and the trial took place when pleasure was the sole object of the judges. Neither do we, sitting down in the quiet of our closet, feel disposed to reverse the sentence: if we admire *Æschylus*, we love *Sophocles*—the head may decide for the former, but the verdict of the heart is assured to the latter.

It is said, by most critics, that the great aim of *Sophocles* was to excite pity; and it is certain that this is the chord of the heart which he most effectually touches; but we doubt his having written a line with that prepossession. If any general design can be traced in his works, we hold it to be an anxiety to exalt human nature—to give us ennobling views of others and ourselves—to teach us that moral loveliness dwells in every heart, though circumstances may blight its growth, or wither its roots. Even *Clytemnestra* ceases to be the Lady Macbeth of antiquity in his hands; a mother's sorrow mingles in the joy she feels, when told that her son, the sworn avenger of her guilt, has died prematurely; a parent's tenderness softens the threats with which she replies to the stinging reproaches of *Electra*. The fearful tragedy that consummated the guilt and misery of the Pelopid family, has been dramatized by the three illustrious Athenians: we are not inclined to institute a comparison between them, after it has been so ably done by Schlegel; but we recommend those who desire to learn the differences of genius, to institute an analysis for themselves—to contrast the gloomy horrors of retributive justice in *Æschylus*, and the degrading influence of vice in Euripides, with the display of the heart's best affections in *Sophocles*, where deepest hate springs from deepest love, and retains to the last the softening characteristics of its origin.

The *Œdipus Tyrannus* stands alone in the history of the drama: it is the only tragedy in ancient or modern literature that reveals the catastrophe in the very opening of the play, and yet not only preserves the interest to the end, but heightens in its intensity as we advance. The effect is produced by the slow, but certain gradations by which

Œdipus learns his involuntary crime; the sufferings of the Thebans by plague, pestilence, and famine, raise in the mind the suspicions of great and unexpiated guilt; the response of the oracle declares that divine vengeance demands atonement for the murder of *Laius*; *Œdipus* pours imprecations on the head of the homicide, and learns from *Tiresias* that he has invoked curses on himself. The honest indignation of *Œdipus*—his suspicion that *Creon* has suborned the prophet—the awful denunciations of *Tiresias*—at once compel us to dwell on this the first stage of the awful revelation, while, at the same time, we gain a distinct view of the dire consummation. The anger of *Œdipus* leads to the interference of *Jocasta*, anxious to shield her brother from her husband's wrath; incidentally she states a circumstance that leads *Œdipus* to suspect that he had murdered his predecessor, and inquiry confirms his belief. The arrival of a shepherd from Corinth awakens a hope that the still greater guilt of parricide might be avoided; but while he is showing that *Polybus* was not the father of *Œdipus*, his story, too well understood, informs the queen that her son stood before her in the person of her husband. Her entreaties that he should forbear inquiry, but stimulate him to fresh investigations—the horrid secret gradually unfolds itself—he drinks the cup of overwhelming misery drop by drop—

And the spell now works around him,
And the clankless chains have bound him;
O'er his heart and brain together,
Hath the word been pass'd—to wither.

The only parallel we know to this instance of an author trusting so much in his own power, as to reveal the catastrophe in the very outset, is Scott's '*Bride of Lammermuir*': the verses of *Tristrem*—

When the last lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood
shall ride, &c.

are as definite as the prophecy of *Tiresias*—every sentence points directly to their accomplishment; but though the conclusion never disappears from our view for a moment, the interest of the intervening incidents never flags.

We should gladly enter into a more detailed examination of the continuation of the Theban monarch's history—the *Œdipus at Colonus*—the rich descriptions of the romantic scenery about Athens—the glowing pictures of the charms of external nature—relieve the wretchedness occasioned by the contemplation of an exiled monarch, poor, helpless, and blind. But the charm of the piece is *Antigone*,—the most beautiful personification of filial and feminine affection that ever emanated from a poet's soul. Her faithful attendance on her hapless father, to alleviate whose wretchedness she has devoted the morning of her life—her affectionate pleading for her erring brother—and her anxious desire to save Thebes from the evils threatened by fraternal war—invest her with a moral loveliness which identifies her with every feeling that is noble in our nature. In the concluding tragedy of the Theban trilogy,—a tragedy which, by some incomprehensible mistake, is placed apart from those with which it forms a tragic trilogy,—*Antigone* appears as a sister, risking life to pay the rites of sepulture to the body of the unfortunate *Polynices*. A strength and force of determination now is revealed, that could scarcely be expected in a creature of such

tenderness, did we not know that a wound to the tender affections momentarily inspires an energy that rises above all dangers, and defies all consequences: it is the manifestation of strength in weakness, courage in timidity, and heroic daring in the very softness of effeminacy.

But we must quit a theme, on which we have perhaps expatiated too freely, and turn to the translation before us. It is executed with great spirit and fidelity—the language, like that of the original, is simple and elegant, not disfigured by meretricious ornament or ambitious affectation. It is, indeed, a version worthy of a place in the Family Classical Library, and higher praise it could scarcely receive; for that series has been hitherto conducted with so much spirit, taste, and judgment, that we are afraid of wearying our readers by so often repeating our commendations and our hearty wishes for its continued success.

The Golden Calf: a comedy, in three acts. By Douglas Jerrold. London: Richardson.

We are glad to see that this clever little piece, with which critics and the public were equally well pleased on its representation, is now published.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ON GENOA.

From *Alfieri*.

O thou, who sit'st in stateliest majesty,
Glassing thyself beside Liguria's sea,
And, towering from thy curved shores to the sky,
Scorn'st at thy back the mountains mantling thee,

Proud in those moles and palaces, Italy
Though great and fair, boasts not to rival; why
Are not thy citizens such as thine should be,
In mind, soul, spirit, somewhat worthier thee?
They with their fasts and gripping penances—
Their hoarded gold, heaped up, and heaping,
might

Better at once be buried—'twould cost thee less;
That wealth which rots, their bane and their
delight,

Shrouds with a veil of grossest ignorance these,
Makes bigots blind of those.—All here is night!

CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

Critical Notices of the

SCULPTRE IN THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Continued from page 602.]

The Minerva.

The head is of the highest beauty. It has a close helmet, from which the hair, delicately parted on the forehead, half escapes. The attitude gives entire effect to the perfect form of the neck, and to that full and beautiful moulding of the lower part of the face and mouth, which is in living beings the seat of the expression of a simplicity and integrity of nature. Her face, upraised to heaven, is animated with a profound, sweet, and impassioned melancholy, with an earnest, and fervid, and disinterested pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. It is the joy and poetry of sorrow making grief beautiful, and giving it that nameless feeling which, from the imperfection of language, we call pain, but which is not all pain, though a feeling which makes not only its possessor,

but the spectator of it, prefer it to what is called pleasure, in which all is not pleasure. It is difficult to think that this head, though of the highest ideal beauty, is the head of Minerva, although the attributes and attitude of the lower part of the statue certainly suggest that idea. The Greeks rarely, in their representations of the characters of their gods, (unless we call the poetic enthusiasm of Apollo a mortal passion,) expressed the disturbance of human feeling; and here is deep and impassioned grief animating a divine countenance. It is, indeed, divine. Wisdom (which Minerva may be supposed to emblem,) is pleading earnestly with Power, —and invested with the expression of that grief, because it must ever plead so vainly. The drapery of the statue, the gentle beauty of the feet, and the grace of the attitude, are what may be seen in many other statues belonging to that astonishing era which produced it: such a countenance is seen in few.

This statue happens to be placed on a pedestal, the subject of whose reliefs are in a spirit wholly the reverse. It was probably an altar to Bacchus—possibly a funeral urn. Under the festoons of fruits and flowers that grace the pedestal, the corners of which are ornamented with the skulls of goats, are sculptured some figures of Menads under the inspiration of the god.† Nothing can be conceived more wild and terrible than their gestures, touching, as they do, the verge of distortion, into which their fine limbs and lovely forms are thrown. There is nothing, however, that exceeds the possibility of nature, though it borders on its utmost line.

The tremendous spirit of superstition, aided by drunkenness, producing something beyond insanity, seems to have caught them in its whirlwinds, and to bear them over the earth, as the rapid volutions of a tempest heave the ever-changing trunk of a waterspout, or as the torrent of a mountain river whirls the autumnal leaves resistlessly along in its full eddies. The hair, loose and floating, seems caught in the tempest of their own tumultuous motion; their heads are thrown back, leaning with a strange delirium upon their necks, and looking up to heaven, whilst they totter and stumble even in the energy of their tempestuous dance.

One represents Agave with the head of Pentheus in one hand, and in the other a great knife; a second has a spear with its pine cone, which was the Thyrsus; another dances with mad voluptuousness; the fourth is beating a kind of tambourine.

This was indeed a monstrous superstition, even in Greece, where it was alone capable of combining ideal beauty and poetical and abstract enthusiasm with the wild errors from which it sprung. In Rome it had a more familiar, wicked, and dry appearance; it was not suited to the severe and exact apprehensions of the Romans, and their strict morals were violated by it, and sustained a deep injury, little analogous to its effects upon the Greeks, who turned all things—superstition, prejudice, murder, madness—to beauty.

On the Venus called *Anadyomene*.

She has just issued from the bath, and yet is animated with the enjoyment of it.

† There is an urn in the British Museum, whose reliefs are of the same era, and where the same subject is treated in a way by no means inferior to that described so enthusiastically by Shelley. It is in the room of the admirable Fau.

She seems all soft and mild enjoyment, and the curved lines of her fine limbs flow into each other with a never-ending sinuosity of sweetness. Her face expresses a breathless, yet passive and innocent voluptuousness, free from affectation. Her lips, without the sublimity of lofty and impetuous passion, the grandeur of enthusiastic imagination of the Apollo of the Capitol, or the union of both, like the Apollo Belvidere, have the tenderness of arch, yet pure and affectionate desire, and the mode in which the ends of the mouth are drawn in, yet lifted or half-opened, with the smile that for ever circles round them, and the tremulous curve into which they are wrought by inextinguishable desire, and the tongue lying against the lower lip, as in the listlessness of passive joy, express love, still love.

Her eyes seem heavy and swimming with pleasure, and her small forehead fades on both sides into that sweet swelling and thin declension of the bone over the eye, in the mode which expresses simple and tender feelings.

The neck is full, and panting as with the aspiration of delight, and flows with gentle curves into her perfect form.

Her form is indeed perfect. She is half-sitting and half-rising from a shell, and the fullness of her limbs, and their complete roundness and perfection, do not diminish the vital energy with which they seem to be animated. The position of the arms, which are lovely beyond imagination, is natural, unaffected, and easy. This, perhaps, is the finest personification of Venus, the deity of superficial desire, in all antique statuary. Her pointed and pear-like person, ever virgin, and her attitude modesty itself.

A Bas-Relief. Probably the sides of a Sarcophagus.

The lady is lying on a couch, supported by a young woman, and looking extremely exhausted; her dishevelled hair is floating about her shoulder, and she is half-covered with drapery that falls on the couch.

Her tunic is exactly like a chemise, only the sleeves are longer, coming half way down the upper part of the arm. An old wrinkled woman, with a cloak over her head, and an enormously sagacious look, has a most professional appearance, and is taking hold of her arm gently with one hand, and with the other is supporting it. I think she is feeling her pulse. At the side of the couch sits a woman as in grief, holding her head in her hands. At the bottom of the bed is another matron tearing her hair, and in the act of screaming out most violently, which she seems, however, by the rest of her gestures, to do with the utmost deliberation, as having come to the resolution, that it was a correct thing to do so. Behind her is a gossip of the most ludicrous ugliness, crying, I suppose, or praying, for her arms are crossed upon her neck. There is also a fifth setting up a wail. To the left of the couch a nurse is sitting on the ground dandling the child in her arms, and wholly occupied in so doing. The infant is swaddled. Behind her is a female who appears to be in the act of rushing in with dishevelled hair and violent gesture, and in one hand brandishing a whip or a thunderbolt. This is probably some emblematic person, the messenger of death, or a fury, whose personification would be a key to the whole

What they are all wailing at, I know not; whether the lady is dying, or the father has directed the child to be exposed: but if the mother be not dead, such a tumult would kill a woman in the straw in these days.

The other compartment, in the second scene of the drama, tells the story of the presentation of the child to its father. An old man has it in his arms, and with professional and mysterious officiousness is holding it out to the father. The father, a middle-aged and very respectable-looking man, perhaps not long married, is looking with the admiration of a bachelor on his first child, and perhaps thinking, that he was once such a strange little creature himself. His hands are clasped, and he is gathering up between his arms the folds of his cloak, an emblem of his gathering up all his faculties to understand the tale the gossip is bringing.

An old man is standing beside him, probably his father, with some curiosity, and much tenderness in his looks. Around are collected a host of his relations, of whom the youngest, a handsome girl, seems the least concerned. It is altogether an admirable piece, quite in the spirit of the comedies of Terence.†

Michael Angelo's Bacchus.

The countenance of this figure is a most revolting mistake of the spirit and meaning of Bacchus. It looks drunken, brutal, narrow-minded, and has an expression of desolateness the most revolting. The lower part of the figure is stiff, and the manner in which the shoulders are united to the breast, and the neck to the head, abundantly inharmonious. It is altogether without unity, as was the idea of the deity of Bacchus in the conception of a Catholic. On the other hand, considered only as a piece of workmanship, it has many merits. The arms are executed in a style of the most perfect and manly beauty. The body is conceived with great energy, and the manner in which the lines mingle into each other, of the highest boldness and truth. It wants unity as a work of art—as a representation of Bacchus it wants everything.

A Juno.

A statue of great merit. The countenance expresses a stern and unquestioned severity of dominion, with a certain sadness. The lips are beautiful—susceptible of expressing scorn—but not without sweetness. With fine lips a person is never wholly bad, and they never belong to the expression of emotions wholly selfish—lips being the seat of imagination. The drapery is finely conceived, and the manner in which the act of throwing back one leg is expressed, in the diverging folds of the drapery of the left breast fading in bold yet graduated lines into a skirt, as it descends from the left shoulder, is admirably imagined.

An Apollo.

with serpents twining round a wreath of laurel on which the quiver is suspended. It probably was, when complete, magnificently beautiful. The restorer of the head and arms, following the indication of the muscles of the right side, has lifted the arm, as in triumph, at the success of an arrow, imagining to imitate the Lycian Apollo in that, so finely described by Apollonius Rhod-

† This bas-relief is not antique. It is of the Cinquième Cento.—*Ed.*

dius, when the dazzling radiance of his beautiful limbs shone over the dark Euxine. The action, energy, and godlike animation of these limbs speak a spirit which seems as if it could not be consumed.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE AND ART IN INDIA.

THE ancient Egyptians wrote a language of signs and symbols, which Europeans have not yet mastered; the early Christian Missionaries taught savage nations the mysteries of the atonement by the same means; and something like this primitive mode of instruction still prevails in the Indian Peninsula, and in the tributary isles. There the native tribes, by means of painting and sculpture, and dramatic representations, not only maintain a correspondence between cities and nations, but keep up an uniformity of character, and preserve an air of politeness in their intercourse, which their knowledge of these arts inspire. They are, in truth, an indolent people, and are content to go the shortest way to acquire the little learning they desire. They would dislike to study painting and sculpture in academies, but they would lie and gaze by the hour on a noble statue or an historic painting, and imbibe a far loftier notion of the power of the people who produced them, than they could do any other way: they would smile were they desired to puzzle out the meaning of Shakespeare through the medium of their broken English, but they would go in crowds to see Macbeth represented. They dislike all mental labour, and much of the bodily too, and as arts spring from nature, and speak all languages with the same clearness and fluency, they are content to take her for their schoolmistress.

We have been led into these remarks, by reading the evidence lately given by Sir Alexander Johnston, before a Committee of the House of Commons, for inquiring into the affairs of the India Company, and the condition of the people of the East. Sir Alexander has considered the subject ripely; to his own observations he has added the testimony of many intelligent officers, who have served or are serving in that country; and we look upon his remarks as of great importance to those who desire to extend in India, European knowledge and taste, and maintain among the numerous nations an idea of our mental as well as bodily superiority. Nor will it be useful to the East alone; it will confer a benefit upon art in this land, and show our Academy that the East opens her gates to receive their works, though the country is reluctant to purchase them at home. To all those who join in these sentiments, and they are founded on knowledge, the more complete introduction of painting and sculpture, and the drama, into the East, appears a matter of vast importance—they are looked upon as ready instruments for improving the understanding, raising the moral character, and securing to Britain the admiration and attachment of the natives of India.

With this in his mind, it is proposed by Sir Alexander, that our Indian Government be empowered to lay out a certain sum annually, to encourage historical painters, sculptors, and dramatic writers, in the production of such works as may suit the cha-

acter and feelings of the people of the East, and at the same time place before them distinct and attractive images of our power, our prowess, of our sciences, our commerce, and our freedom. The subjects on which artists and authors would employ their talents, might be chosen for them by persons conversant with the character and condition of the people, and an annual report made by our Indian authorities, upon the moral or political effects which such works produce on the natives. Such is, in brief, the proposal of Sir Alexander: it is, in truth, but an extension of the principle upon which he has himself privately acted; he has sent out sculpture, and dramatic poetry—written on purpose by Joanna Baillie; and as the results have been favourable, he feels that the nation might with propriety do something in the same way for the benefit of both countries. Our government might be worse employed than in looking to this.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

WHILE our antiquarians have been turning up every barrow and molehill in search of novel facts (and what could England be expected to yield, whose history can be traced in a continued stream from Julius Cæsar to the present time?), similar excavations have been carried on in North America, that cannot fail to be interesting from the lights they are likely to throw on subjects of considerable obscurity. In the barrows there opened have been found, together with human skeletons, earthen vessels, and utensils composed of alloyed metal, indicating the past existence of an art at present unknown to the nations of that continent. This fact, connected with others produced by Robertson, and confirmed by Bullock in his 'Museum of Mexican Antiquities,' is sufficient to prove that America, though called the New World, is quite as old as our portion of it; nor is it at all improbable that we are the youngsters of the race of Adam; for, with the exception of the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Vases lately discovered in Italy twenty feet below the present surface of the soil, we have nothing in Europe to show, as proofs of antiquity, equal to the fact recorded by Mr. Ferrall;† who states, that at the Bull Shoals, east branch of White River, in Missouri, several feet below the surface of the river, reliques were found, which indicated that the spot had formerly been the seat of metallurgical operations, where the alloy appeared to be lead united with silver; arrow heads also cut out of flint, and fragments of earthenware that had undergone the operation of fire were found there; and though we have no data to tell us at what time these operations were carried on, the period must have been very remote, as the present banks have been since entirely formed by alluvial deposits.

A still more curious circumstance, mentioned by Mr. Ferrall also, is, that a few years since a number of pigmy graves were discovered near Merrimac River, in St. Louis County. The coffins were of stone, and the length of the bodies could not have exceeded three feet and a half to four feet; and, as the graves were many, and the skeletons in some nearly entire, it was easy to perceive they could not have been those of children.

† See 'Rambles through the United States of America.' Athenæum, No. 250.

Of this discovery notice has been taken by Mr. Flint, who observes, "that the more the subject of the past races of men and animals in America is investigated, the more perplexed the inquiry becomes. The huge bones of the animals indicate them to have been vastly larger than any now existing, while all that I have seen and heard of the men seems to show, that they were smaller than the men of our times."

But, as we know from testimonies quoted by Lawrence (Lectures, p. 377), that almost all the North American tribes are of small stature, is it not fair to infer that, as plants and animals increase or decrease by cultivation, or the want of it, so human beings may vary in their size from the effect of accidental circumstances? and thus the tradition of the giants we read of in Homer, may, after all, be true; since, even in our days, we know that the people in the neighbourhood of Potsdam are remarkable for their height, as being the descendants of the giant bodyguards of the great Frederick of Prussia; nor can it be doubted, that the athletic men of Lancashire will dwindle down to the common standard, as soon as the baneful effect of confining children to the close and impure air of cotton factories shall begin more fully to develop itself.

It is not, however, so much by the size of men, as by their proficiency in the arts, that we can form the best idea of the antiquity of any given race. Now, as we partly prove the antiquity of Egypt by the different facts connected with the mummies, so is it fair to infer, that where mummies are found in America, there we have convincing proofs of the existence of a race long since extinct; and when once the mind is thus thrown back on the past, there is no limit to the view it either sees, or fancies it sees.

But it will be said, that if the world be so very old, how can we account for the daily discovery of new people in different portions of it? The fact is, the people so met with may have existed time out of mind; as in the case of Clapperton's recent discovery of a numerous nation in the very heart of Africa, who must have existed there for many hundred years; and even the discovery of the New World only proves, that though the means of getting to America had existed for many years, yet the motive for making the voyage never existed; or if it existed in single individuals, still they might want the means of putting their wishes into execution.

True it is, that there is less chance now than ever there was, of people and places, once well known, being completely forgotten, in consequence of the invention of printing; yet even a language that has been committed to print may be lost, as in the case of the Polish language, which, in all likelihood, will now be swallowed up in the Russian, and in after times be studied only as the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the less intelligible arrow-headed letters on the bricks of Babylon; nay, even Greek itself—the noblest medium ever invented by man to convey his thoughts,—stands every chance of being, ere long, really a dead language, when we find so little attention paid to it in a country that, in other respects, is boasting of its high state of civilization.

It requires then no spirit of prophecy to predict, that almost the whole of Italy will

become as little known to the inhabitants of Australia, as New Holland now is to the people of Italy; for unless the Australians be led to the Mediterranean for the purposes of commerce, what earthly motive will there be to induce them to pass the straits of Gibraltar?—nay more, what motive will ever lead them to England, when the only native produce that this country can yield (its tin), will be either exhausted, or the market be better supplied by some of the islands in the Indian Archipelago?—and when that time shall arrive, thousands of years may pass before England, once lost, shall ever be recovered.

This will doubtless appear a startling paradox to those who have been accustomed to speak of England as the mistress of the ocean, and to see her flag waving over the four quarters of the globe.

The time however has been, nor far distant, when the same was said of Tyre, Carthage, and Venice; and yet they have all sunk, or are sinking fast, into oblivion. The Phœnician dialect is quite lost; and even of the language of the second, we know nothing, save from a scene or two in Plautus; and where she stood is a matter of dispute. What was it but a spirit of commercial enterprise that first led her to Britain (the *foreign tin-land*), in search of a metal to be found nowhere else so good or so plentiful as in the Scilly Islands, and which were, by the Greeks, called *Κασσιτερίδες*; from *κασσίτερος*, tin; while the Latin word *stannum* proves its connexion with the Cornish *stan*, still preserved in the word *stannary*, i. e. the *tin dues* paid to the Duchy of Cornwall.

To return, however, to the more interesting subject of the American Mummies, we will extract the description given by Mr. Flint, from which it will appear that, though the American Embalmers were not equal to the Egyptians in all the accessories of the art, still they knew enough of it to enable them to preserve the bodies of the dead to a time when every other trace of the existence of the embalmers was lost:—

"The two bodies that were found in the vast limestone cavern in Tennessee, one of which I saw at Lexington, were neither of them more than four feet in height. It seems to me that this must have been nearly the height of the living person. The teeth and nails did not seem to indicate the shrinking of the flesh from them in the desiccating process by which they were preserved. The teeth were separated by considerable intervals; and were small, long, white, and sharp, reviving the horrible images of nursery tales of ogres' teeth. The hair seemed to have been sandy, or inclining to yellow. It is well known that nothing is so uniform in the present Indian as his lank black hair. From the pains taken to preserve the bodies, and the great labour of making the funeral robes in which they were folded, they must have been of the 'blood-royal,' or personages of great consideration in their day. The person that I saw, had evidently died by a blow on the skull. The blood had coagulated there into a mass, of a texture and colour sufficiently marked to show that it had been blood. The envelope of the body was double. Two splendid blankets, completely woven with the most beautiful feathers of the wild turkey, arranged in regular stripes and compartments, encircled it. The cloth on which these feathers were woven, was a kind of linen of neat texture, of the same kind with that which is now woven from the fibres of the nettle. The body was evidently that of a female of middle

age, and I should suppose that her majesty weighed, when I saw her, six or eight pounds."

Many mummies have been found also in other parts of America, especially in an extensive cavern, says Mr. Flint, near the Teletenah or *dripping fork*, and not far from the point where the river empties itself into the La Plata.

These and other coincidences might tempt one to believe, that a connexion has existed at some period between the two hemispheres.

But surely it were more reasonable to suppose, that as the phenomena of man's mental and corporeal existence are everywhere similar, so the thoughts and actions, the result of such similarity in mind and body will be similar; and thus we can readily account for the similarity of the tradition among the Europeans, respecting a Saturnian age, when all was peace and plenty, with one amongst the Quapaws, that the barrows mentioned above, were raised many hundred snows ago, by a people no longer existing, but living then in a happy age, when game was so plentiful as to be obtained without exertion, and when there were no wars.

In further proof of the great antiquity of the country as the abode of man, may be mentioned, the loss of so many languages, all of which must have taken some time to establish, although their destruction might have been effected in comparatively few years.

Of the languages spoken by the aborigines of North America, three, it appears, are so distinct, as to have no perceivable affinity with each other, and still less, says Mons. Duponceau, with the European tongues, from which they differ in the marked peculiarity of dividing things into animate and inanimate, and not into genders, male and female; a distinction carried by all Europeans, except the English, to a most absurd length; although it must be confessed, that, in the formation of the language, where genders are applied to inanimate objects, good reasons may have presented themselves to the inventors of the words, for such an apparently arbitrary difference—reasons, however, that it is difficult now to guess at, as we have lost the clue to lead us through the labyrinth.

But though the American languages thus differ from the European, yet we are told, that in their polysynthetic or "many compounding" character, they approach to the richness of the Greek. For example, we find in the Araneumian language, the word *idnanclaclein*, i. e. "I do not wish to eat with him," and a similar verb in the Delaware tongue, *u'schingwiripona*, i. e. "I do not like to eat with him"; to which Mons. D. adds another example from the latter language, *machtitschwanne*, i. e. "a cluster of islands with channels every way, so that it is in no place impassable for craft."

Now, though these words seem at first to have no possible connexion with any European tongue, yet when we come to analyze them, we think we can discover in two of them points of resemblance, which only wait for more specimens to enable us to speak positively on the subject. Thus, for example, in the word *idnanclaclein*, one can detect the words *id* "I," *nan* "not," *clocla* "eat," *cin* "with"; where *id* is like the German *ich*, and *nan* like the German *nain*; while *clocla*

† This reminds one of the language of the Greek poet, Rhianus, who, meaning to describe *twenty years*, speaks of *twenty grasses*.

is evidently, like the Latin *gula*, derived from the sound made by a person *eating*, and similar to the English *gobble*; nor is *vin* very different from *vi* him, that is *with him*.

Thus, too, in the Delaware word, *machttschwanne*, one may detect *mach* like the English *much*, and *wanne*, the old English *wain*, corrupted from the German *wagen*, the origin of *wagon*, while *titsch*, like the Latin *Tethys*, is probably *sea-water*; and thus *machttschwanne* is in reality *much sea-water way*.

DISCOVERY NEAR TIVOLI—PANEGRYIC ON
DODWELL—THE ABBATE ZANNONI—
VESUVIUS.

Rome 22nd August.

SOME attention has been excited among the antiquaries of this place by the discovery of thirty bodies, covered over with large tiles, on the banks of the Aviene, near the grotto of Neptune at Tivoli. Several medals and fragments of inscriptions were found scattered on the spot, but, in general, they have not proved of much value. On one of them may be traced the letters MILITI . . . C. AUG.; and on another the word LEZBIA. The whole of these remains have been carefully removed to the Townhall of the district.

The last meeting of the Academy of Archæology took place on the 2nd instant; and the most attractive part of the proceedings was a detailed illustration, drawn up and read by Visconti, the secretary, of an antique Grecian marble found in the island of Syros, and presented to the Academy by the Austrian traveller, Colonel Prokesch, who is at present on a mission to the court of Rome. It is the more valuable from containing two words which have hitherto escaped detection; these are, *Archoine* (Archontess), and *Demothoïne* (a festive banquet given to the populace). The learned Secretary then pronounced an eloquent eulogium on our lamented countryman, Dodwell, who was a corresponding member of the Academy. After dwelling on the indefatigable industry which distinguished his whole life, Visconti held up his single-hearted devotion to the advancement of antiquarian science and investigations, as entitled both to the gratitude and admiration of every scholar. He next traced Dodwell's pilgrimages through Italy and Greece, and referred to the noble collections he had formed, the excavations he had set on foot, and the works he had published;—amongst the latter, none, Visconti observed, promised to be of more extensive utility, than his projected publication on the ancient structures of Greece and Italy, for which he had not only prepared a considerable portion of the text, but left behind him as many as one hundred and fifty-three designs and plates. The orator then instanced the extent of his labours and attainments in the science of Lithology; as an evidence of which he stated, that Dodwell had collected two hundred specimens of lavas, thrown up by the spent volcanoes in the vicinity of Rome, and far surpassing those either of Ætna or Vesuvius in beauty; besides having, at a very considerable expense both of toil and money, brought together two thousand five hundred specimens of English, French, Swiss, and Italian marbles; many of which he had himself discovered. This address was rapturously applauded at its conclusion by one of the most numerous and respectable audiences which have ever attended the sittings of the Academy.

The loss of Zannoni, who died at Florence on the 12th instant, where he has long and ably filled the appointments of Secretary of the Della Cruscan Academy and Director of the department of Antiquities to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, is greatly deplored. Independently of his erudite works in Greek, Etruscan, and Latin literature,

his illustrations of the 'Royal Gallery of Florence' would alone have sufficed to endear his memory to every cultivated mind.

Our friends in Naples, ever since Vesuvius has grown less wrathful, have been flocking to the spot in such multitudes, that it is become more like a Mecca or Loretto than a hideous volcano; and our host, *Il Guida del real Vesuvio*, as he styles himself, not to be behindhand with his own well-doing, has, to the contentment of his followers, undertaken to appease their hunger with savouries on the very edge of the crater.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

THE publishing world is silent, and confounded by the success of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, which has swallowed up the gains of booksellers, and the hopes of authors: this steam-engine style of manufacturing books cannot, however, last long; genius must sooner or later resume the ascendancy, and destroy, like Aaron's rod, all such false enchantments. Some of our booksellers aided largely in calling into existence this mushroom literature: books were by these persons considered as newspapers, for the service only of the day of their birth, and were puffed into circulation by critical breezes and trade winds; next day brought a new book and a hundred new puffs, and the romance or novel of the day before, was sent to oblivion. The bookseller who published the book, was reckoned everything, and the author nothing, and, by his patronage, Every desperate blockade dared to write.

We had hoped that such publishers were beginning to be sensible of the ruin thus brought on literature, and of its reaction on themselves; but there is a dulness, on which even experience throws away its wisdom. We have had a sad specimen lately of this catch-penny trickery, in the publication of 'Zohrab the Hostage.' This work was professedly reviewed in the Bookseller's Gazette of the eighth of this month, at a time when we have reason to believe, the printing was not finished—it was made the leading article, and ten columns were given, to satisfy the world of the importance of the work. In this professed review, there was, of course, a fine flourish about the "admirable author," the "delightful author," and his "entertaining narrative;" and this serviceable paragraph has ever since been circulating all over the country—it has been impossible to take up a newspaper, without stumbling on it; we are of opinion, that not less than one hundred pounds has been expended in giving it currency. Now the orders from the country, for this "interesting narrative of this delightful author," must arrive in London by the 25th or 26th, to ensure the receipt of the work by the booksellers' monthly parcels. Will not this then be admitted as a system most ruinous to our literature, when we add, that 'Zohrab the Hostage' has not yet been seen, except by this trade critic, and that it is not even now published!

We hear that Professor Wilson has been much pleased with his cruise in the *Vernon*, and that he proposes to write a song on the wonders of the deep: we hope he will take London in his way home, and let us hear a stave of it.—Wordsworth, too, has been sitting for his portrait to Pickersgill: the likeness is said to be great, and though not

"beautiful exceedingly," it will be welcome to all lovers of art and genius. The painter has declared it to be the finest of all his works, not even excepting Owen of Lanark and the Countess Guiccioli.

This is all we have heard in the way of home novelties; but in the leisure which our publishing quiet has left us, we have been running hastily over the continental periodicals, to inform ourselves of what might be expected from the foreign press—Germany is, of course, the most prolific. We observe that a German translation of the Chansons of Béranger has recently been published at Stuttgart. The grave and serious character of the German people has hitherto taught them to consider poetry as allied to the deepest passions and affections—thence may arise their comparative disrelish for the lighter and more sparkling effusions of the muse. Their language, also, is little adapted to exhibit the grace, the delicate pleasantry and gaiety of the French bard.—A new work is also announced as in the press, by Messrs. Tzschoppe and Stenzel, containing a collection of original documents, illustrative of the origin of the Slavonic cities, and the introduction and spread of the German colonies—a question often considered, and of great importance in history.

Two important works on Theology have just made their appearance in Holland—a new edition, in 2 vols. 4to., of Wetsten's New Testament, with considerable additions by Lotze; and an Encyclopedia of Theology, written for *future divines*, as the author, Dr. Clarisse, quaintly expresses it. We cannot but think that a translation of this work into English would be highly useful, as opening sources of knowledge to English theological students, which are at present wholly unknown by the great majority of scholars in this country. But it will perhaps more interest the general reader to be informed, that A. M. Passaraut, historical painter at Frankfurt, who recently visited England for the purpose of exploring the collections of the great masters, and of ascertaining the progress of native art, now announces a work on these subjects, in which will be found, he says, much interesting matter relative to the personal history of many living artists, with whose friendship he was honoured during his stay: the whole interspersed with remarks on the public and private life of the English.

Approaching towards Italy, we read, that in Piedmont an association has been formed among the printers, for the purpose of republishing voluminous and expensive works. 'The Sermons of Segneri,' in 12 volumes, is the first announced to appear. As to Italy itself, it is well observed by a foreign writer, that its literary traffic with the rest of Europe seems to be impeded by the Alps and Apennines. It is certain that the new productions of the Italian press are longer in becoming known to the literati of foreign countries, than the works published in any other of the European communities: even in Italy itself the knowledge travels slowly; and the new works of Florence are among the latest novelties at Bologna, a year and a day after publication. The most important works which have lately appeared, we believe to be 'The Ritratta ed Elogi di Liguri illustri,' (Genoa); a continuation of the work begun by Gervasoni; and Pezzana's 'Continuazione delle Memorie degli Scrittori e Let-

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terati Parmegiani,' (Parma); which is described as a masterpiece of laborious care, and even as surpassing in minute accuracy, the work of the learned Father Ireneo Affo, of which it is a continuation. A new and beautiful edition of Winkelmann's works, is also, it appears, now publishing at Prato, with plates; and editions of Cicognara's and D'Agincourt's works on the Fine Arts, have lately appeared at the same place. But among the latest novelties, is an edition of 'The Life of Cellini,' published at Florence. It is said to be illustrated by some important notes, and that the last volume contains "his Journal and his Poems;" these, we presume, are additions, and if so, we shall certainly look into the work itself, and report upon it. Everything relating to this strange, mad genius, is interesting.

Returning northward, we learn that some hitherto inedited poems of the middle ages, in Turkish, on the history of Alexander the Great, &c., have been discovered by M. Frederic Wolf, in the library of St. Mark, at Venice. The whole constitute a Poetical Pantheon, embracing not merely the history of Alexander, but also that of the entire East, before and since Alexander;—before, to the period of the first Kings of Persia; and since, to the time of the writer; and painting the philosophy and theology of the true believers in a bold and brief style, that is not devoid of poetical colouring.

Now journeying to the farthest north, we hear that the researches made in Turkey, in the years 1829 and 1830, by command of the Emperor Nicholas, have been productive of some discoveries of great interest to science and art. M. Sayger, librarian to the Emperor, and M. Desarnod, painter to the Grand Duke Michael, have travelled over this classic ground, and have made discoveries of many remains of antiquity of a remote age, of which they have taken views that will now for the first time be presented to the public. The work is to consist of fifty plates, to be published in eight livraisons.

The Society for the promotion of Danish Literature has received as a prize essay, a work in five volumes quarto, accompanied by maps! The Society, in its proposals, issued in 1829, required "A systematic view of the opinions of the ancient inhabitants of the north, on that portion of the world known to them previous to the 13th century." The essay alluded to has not only received the prize, but is to be printed at the expense of the Society. The author is Mr. N. M. Petersen, who some years since obtained a similar prize for an excellent work on the history of Scandinavian Literature.

FINE ARTS

The Landscape Album: or Great Britain Illustrated in a Series of Sixty Views. By W. Westall, Esq. A.R.A., with descriptions of the Scenery, by Thomas Moule, Esq. London: C. Tilt.

This is the first of the Annuals, and, according to report, the forerunner of a splendid race.—That it will be inferior in its embellishments to many, there can be no doubt; but in the number of them, it bids fair to distance all competitors—it contains no less than sixty! It is, however, our duty to intimate to our readers, what Mr. Tilt has forgotten to do, either in the title-page or in the preface—that the whole of these en-

gravings appeared originally in the 'Great Britain Illustrated.'—To such persons, therefore, as have that work it offers no novelty; but for others, we must acknowledge, that we know not where they are likely to meet with any work so cheap and beautiful; it will recall a thousand pleasant recollections of summer scenes to delight their winter fire-sides.

The Queen of the Belgians in her Wedding Dress. Engraved by W. Hopwood, from an original drawing by E. T. Parris.

EXCELLENT! Let the publisher proceed in this spirit, and we shall treasure up the fashions in the Court Magazine among works of art—and why should we not, when Raphael gave designs for pottery and tapestry, should not a young English artist hold up to English beauty the glass of fashion? So be it, Mr. Parris, and we honour you for it—so be it, Mr. Bull, and may your liberality reap the harvest it deserves.

MUSIC

Sacred Music, selected and arranged from the Works of the most eminent composers, with several original compositions, adapted for Congregational and Private Use, with a separate accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. By William Shore. Manchester.

This is a most valuable volume of sacred music. We, however, dislike the forming of standard compositions and the adapting of dramatic music to suit other purposes; and, notwithstanding the discretion of the author, we think they might have well been excluded. The variety and excellence of the contributions from no less than thirty composers, from Handel to Spohr, warrant our warm commendation.

Septetto Concertante, for Trumpet, Horn, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Double-Bass, arranged as a Duet for two performers on the Piano-forte, by the author—Chev. Neukomm.

WE heard this composition at the Philharmonic Concerts, for which it was expressly composed; and our opinion remains unaltered. We still consider the merit of the music to consist chiefly in affording the most favourable display of the powers of each of the seven instruments in the hands of Willman, Nicholson, Harper, &c. The arrangement is undoubtedly the best that could be made of the original, but wanting in defined and well-sustained melodies. This duet, we fear, will not equal the expectation of many who were delighted with its performance as a septet.

May Day; a characteristic Fantasia for the Piano-forte. By M. Marielli.

THIS species of composition, when united to the descriptive, as in Beethoven's Pastorale, affords great scope for the display of genius and science—of the latter, there is sufficient in the 'May Day' to claim for M. Marielli the repute of being a good harmonist, and the composition altogether will be useful as a lesson; but to exclude entirely the pastorale or pedal-bass, with its acknowledged power of association, is dispensing at once with the most valuable resource the art could supply for M. Marielli's purpose.

"I love my love, because he loves me." Poetry by Barry Cornwall. Music by the Chevalier Neukomm.

THERE is seldom a want of clever counterpoint and rich harmonies in this author's music; and here we have much variety.

THEATRICALS

Must not occupy much room this week, and, therefore, we shall give the theatres a few words each, begging them to ascribe it to haste, if we divide unfairly. Theatres will open shortly, like oysters, by the dozen. We shall, however, begin with the one which is about to close.

ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THIS company finishes for the season this evening. The early part was not so prosperous as it deserved to be, but "Cupid" has found his way to the hearts of hundreds—the disorder is known to be catching, and was spreading rapidly, but unfortunately Mr. Arnold is obliged to close just as he is getting excellent houses.

DRURY LANE

Opens on this day week. We regret to observe, that the schoolmaster has done nothing during the recess for the bills of the house. His Majesty's English seems to be doomed to another season of suffering. Would anybody, who had not seen it, believe, that the bills have day after day announced, that the management engaged "the late Miss Mordaunt"? And yet such is the fact—we presume they expect she will make a dead hit. Why do they begin with 'The Soldier's Daughter'?—the most stupid, senseless, mawkish, wishy-washy, clap-trappy, trumphy play in our language! Well, we shall see—though we shan't see *that*, because we can neither sit nor stand 'The Soldier's Daughter.' Mr. Power, however, will, no doubt, give the audience a laugh after their yawn, and 'Midas' is always safe.

COVENT GARDEN

Will open on Monday week. We understand that, upon this occasion, a young gentleman will make his appearance as *Shylock*. He is a young gentleman, being yet under eighteen years of age. His appearance approaches that of Mr. Kean, and there is also a natural similarity about the two voices;—the debutant, however, having greatly the advantage of his renowned predecessor, in point of power. It is, in truth, a most arduous undertaking for so young a man; but we have too anxious a desire to see the hideous gaps, which have been left in tragedy, filled up, not to be willing to afford him every encouragement; such will, no doubt, be the feeling of the Press generally; if it should appear that there really is good promise about him, it will be too hard to undervalue his talent, because nature has put it out of his power to help occasionally looking or speaking like the favourite to whom we have alluded.

Mr. Perkins, Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Mitchell, are engaged at this house. We shall take it as a favour if our readers will remember our prediction in favour of this last-mentioned actor the first time we saw him. He is now transferred to a stage on which he will at once proceed to fulfil it.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE

Will open on Monday week; their attractions are their own, and the management know too well what will suit the audiences, not to hit them somehow. A new piece will be produced on the first night.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Madame Vestris also enters the field on the same evening; and Mr. Liston will re-appear at these his well-known quarters in a new two-act piece—in which Mrs. Orger will make her first appearance at this theatre. Madame has done well and wisely to make so valuable an addition to her company. She has made others which we have not time to enumerate.

MISCELLANEA

Subscription for Millhouse.—We are truly happy to announce, that Sir R. C. Ferguson has sent Five Pounds to Mr. Millhouse, with an order for a dozen copies of his Poem, as well as a strong expression of the interest he takes in the welfare of the poet, and of his intention to make him known as far as possible among his friends. We have also to acknowledge as received, Ten Shillings from T. S.

Mr. Enson, the Engraver.—It was only by accident that we heard of the death of this amiable and promising artist, who will probably be remembered by our readers for his very beautiful engravings in the different Annuals, especially his 'Master Lambton' and 'Lady Walscot.' He was a pupil of the late Mr. C. Warren's, and greatly esteemed by him. In 1821, he went to Paris to pursue his studies, and draw from the antique statues in the Louvre, and there he became acquainted with Bonington, who introduced him into the atelier of Le Baron Gros, under whose direction they studied together from the living model. It is believed, that his anxious and devoted application there first undermined his constitution. He returned to London in 1824, but, his health still declining, he found it necessary, for the benefit of country air, to retire to Wandsworth, where, however, he pursued his profession. As an artist, the public can form their own judgment of Mr. Enson: but if any faith can be put in the report of friends, it would be difficult to overrate his virtues as a man. He possessed four or five drawings by his friend Bonington, and one of them has been described to us, by a competent judge, as among the most finished drawings of that gifted artist.

Goethe.—Among the MSS. of Goethe, there are nearly 500 inedited letters, which passed between him and Schiller; they have been put into the hands of the government, as, according to the will of the deceased, they are not to be published before the year 1840 or 1850.

A School of Military Surgery has been newly formed at Constantinople, and the direction committed to a Frenchman, Dr. Sat Deygalieres. The site is on the Bosphorus, and accommodation is provided for 200 pupils.

Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary.—Those of our readers who watch the progress of oriental literature, will recollect the severe attacks made by Mr. Klaproth on the 'Chinese Dictionary' of Dr. Morrison. Honourable testimony, however, has recently been borne to the value and accuracy of the Doctor's labours, by many most competent scholars, and by none more so than by a Mr. Gutzlaff, whose 'Travels in Siam' recently appeared, and who spent five years in various parts of China, continually using the Doctor's Dictionary, and in constant correspondence with the natives, who could scarcely credit that a barbarian was the author of so accurate a work as Dr. Morrison's Dictionary was found to be.

Goethe.—The finest portrait of Goethe is pronounced, by the German critics, to be that just completed by Scherzgebaurth, engraver to the Grand-Duke of Weimar. It is said to be a most accurate and animated likeness, as well as a fine specimen of the capabilities of the German burin. The last volume of (Goethe's) 'Posthumous Works,' will, we hear, be the first in the order of publication, and will consist of *Notes on Art and Antiquity*, many of which are reported as being more than commonly valuable.

Change in the Almanack.—A Columbian toast-maker intimates that this is the last fourth of July that the Nullifiers intend to have. They expect to have one of their own hereafter. It is supposed they will conclude to have it sometime in February.—*American Paper.*

Daniel Boon.—Kentucky is now one of the most flourishing states of the Union, though it was only in 1770 that the first noise of its discovery was bruited about even in America. It cannot fail to be interesting to our readers to read the particulars of the first exploring by Daniel Boon, as we find them recorded in a letter to the Editor of the Illinois Magazine.

"I will inform you what he told me relative to his first discovery of Kentucky. He said, that himself, his brother Squire, and a servant boy, came from North Carolina, to take a fall hunt in Powell's Valley, having hunted there the year before. He was hunting along the side of the Cumberland Mountain, and discovered a gap or low place in the mountain, which he ascended to the top; from whence he thought he could see to the Ohio river. He thought, in his own mind, that it was the most beautiful country in the world. He returned to the camp, and informed his brother what he had seen; telling him that they must up and go across the mountain. They did so, and travelled on to Scagg's creek, where the deer were so plenty, that they soon loaded their seven horses with skins, and he started his brother and the servant boy back with them to North Carolina. He told his brother to bring back to him as many horses as he could get, and he would have their loads ready against he came. He stayed and hunted there, and never saw the face of man for eight months to a day. He declared that he never enjoyed himself better in his life; he had three dogs that kept his camp while he was hunting; and at night he would often lay by his fire and sing every song he could think of, while the dogs would sit round him, and give as much attention as if they understood every word he was saying.

"At the end of eight months his brother and servant boy came to him, with fourteen horses. His brother informed him, that when he got into North Carolina with his peltry, the Indians had fallen upon the frontiers, and that he had to go, with others, against them. Boon had the packs nearly all ready, and in a day or two, they loaded the horses, and started for home. They travelled on that day, and until about ten o'clock the next day, when he saw four Indians, with four horses, loaded with beaver fur. They were crossing each other; and seeing, plainly, that they must meet, he cautioned his brother and the servant boy not to let the Indians have their guns out of their hands; for they would be sure to make the attempt to get them, under the pretence of wanting to examine them. The Indians endeavoured to get their guns, but they would not let them get possession of them. The Indians then went round Boon's horses, and drove them off with their own. Boon said he looked after them awhile, and then put off for home. They went on that day, and the next, until nine or ten o'clock; he then observed to his brother and the boy, that if they would stick to him, he would follow them to their towns but he would have his skins and horses back. They agreed to it, and pursued hard after them, and came in sight of them the fourth day. 'Now,' said Boon, 'we must trail them on, until they stop to eat.'

"The Indians at length halted, hopped their horses, cooked and eat; Boon and his companions watching them all the while. He well knew, that, having eaten, they would all lie down to sleep, except one. They did so; and the one who was on guard, sat on a log, at the head of the others, and Boon and his boys had to creep on all fours a hundred yards, to get near enough to shoot. The colonel then told his brother, that he would take for his own mark, the one on the log—that he, the brother, must aim at the one on the right, and the boy at the one on the left; and that when he gave the signal, they must fire, and keep loading and shooting, making

as much noise and using as many different tones as they could. They fired, and he tilted his man over the log, but the others bore him off. They followed the Indians three quarters of a mile shouting and yelling; then came back, gathered their own horses, and those of the Indians, put on their packs, and the packs of beaver fur, and drove them safe to his own house, in North Carolina.—The above is just as he told it to me himself."

Alexandrine Column, St. Petersburg.—We have adverted to this gigantic monument on two former occasions; and we now learn, that Montferrand, the architect, is preparing a description of the column with illustrative plates. The summit will be surmounted with a bronze statue of Religion, holding a wreath in her hand; and the only inscription on the pediment, will be "To the Emperor Alexander—Russia the grateful."

New Reading.—A labourer reading our Journal to his wife, instead of "the President was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies." "More shame for him," said the scandalized lady.—*American Paper.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Month.	Thermom. W. & M.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 15	67 43	29.95	S.W.	Shrs. A.M.
Fr. 14	63 45	29.75	SW to N.W.	Shrs. P.M.
Sat. 15	65 45	29.85	N.W.	Clear.
Sun. 16	61 45	29.60	S.W. to W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 17	75 53	29.19	S.W.	Idio.
Tues. 18	64 38	29.65	S.W.	Idio.
Wed. 19	63 36	29.10	S.W. to N.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cirro-cirrostratus, and Cirro-cumulus.

Nights fair throughout the week; Mornings fair, except Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, diminished 15° in three days.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 4h. 14 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1833. The engravings executed under the exclusive direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.; with travelling Sketches on the Rhine, in Belgium, and in Holland, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

The Keepsake for 1833.

The Literary Souvenir for 1833, edited by Alarie A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1833, edited by Mrs. Alarie A. Watts.

Drawing-room Scrap-book for 1833, with poetical illustrations, by L. E. L.

The Emigrant's Tale, with other Poems, by J. Bird.

Shortly, the Life of the late Dr. A. Clarke, written by himself, with a continuation to the time of his decease, by a member of his own family.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to G. S.—A. Y.

The Sonnets of J. G. are astronomical speculations in verse. There is power, and poetry too, but they want human interest.

We thank E. B., and desire to know where to address him.—We are also obliged to "A Pastor," but the subject is not well suited to our pages.

Thanks to Bibax.

The inquiry of J. W. is hopeless. We decline.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—

FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAW.—Session 1831–32. The Classes in these Faculties commence at the beginning of November, and terminate in July.—On Thursday, the 1st of November, Mr. Malden will deliver an introductory Lecture at Two o'clock.

LATIN—T. H. Key, A.M.
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17th Sept. 1832.

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